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LIFE OF THE

ABBE ADRIEN ROQUETTE

"CHAHTA-IMA"

Compiled and Edited by
MRS S. B. ELDER
from material furnished
by friends.

Published under auspices of
Bienville Assembly, Knights of Columbus,
on the centenary of his birth.

NEW ORLEANS,
1913

The L. Graham Co., Ltd., 430 Common St., N. O., La.

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INTRODUCTION.

Probably one of the most striking and picturesque figures in the later history of the lower Mississippi Valley is that of the Abbe Rouquette, who lived his life in and about New Orleans. Students of American History are well aware of La Salle, Bienville, Audubon and of the many others who have had a part in our early Louisiana development. The Abbe Rouquette seems almost to have been the last of that long series of pioneers who instinctively and progressively worked from within for the betterment and welfare of his people.

Himself a distinguished scholar, he yet was imbued with a desire to help forward the lowly—his life's greatest duty was, in his opinion, the mission work he felt drawn towards among the Choctaw Indians, whose last villages, east of the Mississippi, were near Bayou Lacombe, just north of New Orleans.

The Choctaw Indians in Colonial days were an extensive tribe, occupying the territory, now Alabama and Mississippi, as far as the Lake Pontchartrian north coast.

The tribe have interested the Ethnologist because of superior qualities and traditions that seemd to indicate that they had wandered northward from old Mexico and were probably of Aztec origin. Their location between the English plantations of the lower Atlantic coast and the French settlements of Louisiana, made them of considerable political interest.

England laid claim to Carolina with an extent as far West as the Mississippi River. This was set forth by Coxe

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in 1740. Some years later traders from Charleston came as far through the Choctaw country as the Mississippi. Tomahawks and firearms were traded to these people, and the English tried to get them, with the Chickasaws and Natchez to surprise and exterminate the Louisiana pioneers. The Choctaws were friendly, however, and but little progress was made in setting them against their French neighbors.

Captain Bernard Romans is the first Englishman to write intimately of these people, an exceedingly rare book to-day, was published by him in 1775, after he had spent many years in their country. This book is a famous source book and seems a faithful account of this fine Indian people, who were then quite numerous, according to Romans, having some seventy villages.

I mention Romans, the first white man to reside with these red men, to draw a contrast with Pere Rouquette, who was the last Caucasian to take up a home with these people prior to their transmigration to the Indian Territory, where they are to-day.

Romans was among them of his own volition as a student originally—but he later developed designs favoring an alliance with the British in their effort to push their possessions westward. He was called away by the Revolution against England, the Choctaws remained neutral in the war that followed, and continued, as before, on good terms with the French trading posts—frequently visiting New Orleans, capital of the Province of Louisiana.

One of their very interesting villages was near Bayou

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Lacombe, not far from Lake Pontchartrain. It was to this settlement that the polished scholar, Adrien Rouquette, retired when he had determined to apply himself to a special work, impelled by a great devotion.

There can hardly be any doubt that when the world has become acquainted with the Abbe Rouquette he will rank among the distinguished figures of the nineteenth century. His was a bright mind, of great imagination, with ideals and concentration—like all men of genius he was peculiar. The impressions of an infancy spent among a Choctaw Indian environment eventually lured him back to that people for whom he had acquired a great affection.

Had he remained in Paris where he was educated the world would know him to-day, without doubt, as it does Chateaubriand.

His return to Louisiana, the development of his love of the Faith, his going into Orders, all in the direction of the missionary life which seemed to him his spiritual destiny—these were practical duties he had in mind. His great literary accomplishments were held by him secondary in importance, and were not developed as they would have been in an environmnt of letters.

However it is as Nature lover and servant of man for God's sake, that Pere Rouquette is remembered locally. The descendants of the Choctaws revere him as a saint; his deeds of charity have become the story of the *"Vieux Carre;"* his soul stirring oratory in Louisiana's historical Cathedral is a part in its two century traditions.

A fine description of Abbe Rouquette, written from personal observation by Dr. Alexander De Menil, of St.

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Louis, in his interesting work entitled "Louisiana Writers," is as follows:

"On a warm day in February, 1874, I was standing on Rue Royale, industriously engaged in idling away time and youth, when I was startled by a voice that came from an open doorway just behind me, *'C'est l' Abbe Rouquette —un vrai saint!'* and the commere crossed herself.

"I looked adown the narrow street—a man, old in years, yet strong and active, of about medium size, a little stooped, long black hair streaked with grey, and clad in the simple black clothes of a Catholic priest, was leisurely passing along the sidewalk. 'Abbe Rouquette—a real saint!' The words have often recurred to my memory since then. A few years later I was delighted to learn that Abbe Rouquette had written several books, and was a poet!"

I am very glad to contribute to the Abbe Rouquette matter, a Choctaw vocabulary not yet published, in his autograph which has recently turned up in Paris. It was sent to me and now forms a part of my Americana collection.

It is given, in part, as an addenda to this very excellent relation of the Abbe's life, which though much belated is a fine tribute to his worth, his genius and his patriotism.

T. P. THOMPSON.
Chairman History Committee,
Bienville Assembly,
Knights of Columbus.

NEW ORLEANS, July 4, 1913.

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PICTURE OF A. ROUQUETTE.

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CHAPTER FIRST.

BIRTHPLACE.

New Orleans—how varied are the thoughts evoked by thy name. Oh! Queen City of the Southland! Situated near the mouth of the great Mississippi—and possessing a capacious harbor—to-day—almost the eve of that gigantic achievement, the completion of the Panama Canal—the would-be seer has little difficulty in predicting a future greatness such as the most sanguine of her sons has never dreamed of, for New Orleans—when she will be the center of commercial enterprise and in touch with all the nations of the world.

But these promises we will leave for future verification,—while we consider New Orleans of to-day. Visitors come from all over the world, some on pleasure bent, some to seek the balmy winter sunshine, and some in the interests of business. And as varied as the reasons for their sojourn in the Crescent City, are the souvenirs taken away; memories of pleasant company distinguished for courtesy, of varied amusements, gay crowds—brilliant pageants and splendid buildings. There are the fine public institutions, the colleges and convents, the hotels, banks and exchanges, the churches and chapels, and many quaint old corners with their reminiscences of other days, recalling most interesting periods of the city's history.

One scene sure to be remembered is the kaleidoscopic

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view of Canal Street, with its vast emporiums of art and luxury, and the ceaseless movement of busy toilers, butterflies of fashion, and various spectators, coming and going all through the day, and well on into the wee small hours of the night as the trains come in from the lakeside resorts and add new-comers to replace those who have retired to their homes.

Another picture will be the wide avenues, with their beautiful shade trees, and the palatial residences of the wealthy inhabitants, especially Esplanade, in the French section of the city, running from the river back to Bayou St. John; and St. Charles Avenue, extending about eight miles above Canal Street, parallel with the river.

Then, who that has been so fortunate as to witness the Carnival parades, can ever forget the fairy-like, the weird and fantastic, the brilliantly beautiful floats of the night processions, making the rustic rub his eyes and wonder if he be not under the power of some genii of the "Arabian Nights."

But it was not the New Orleans of to-day that welcomed the advent into life of Adrien Rouquette, the subject of this sketch, born February 26, 1813,—and in order to understand correctly many of the circumstances that influenced his youth, we will glance for a few moments over the historical background of his birthplace.

Although in 1813 the city could claim almost a century of existence, its development had naturally been much retarded by the conflicts with surrounding Indian tribes. The Tunicas, Alabamas, Chickasaws, Natchez and other

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RESIDENCE.

LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

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children of the soil were loath to see the palefaces from over the seas, dispossess them of their hunting grounds. Besides these fierce foes who menaced the very life of the young colony, there were so many political changes, that stability of government, so necessary to progress, was a boon long desired before it was finally granted.

We can say that New Orleans was founded about 1722, when the officers and archives of the province were removed from Biloxi to the present site; the city, if we may use so dignified a name, consisting at that time of, perhaps, a hundred cabins, a warehouse, a little chapel and about two hundred inhabitants. These were chiefly Canadians who had settled upon the spot chosen by Bienville some twenty years after his discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi—and were to prove by experience whether the place were a suitable location by the fertility of its soil and its immunity from the devastating floods of the river during the springtime.

With regard to commerce the colony was very favorably located midway between Mobile and Natchez, being about a hundred miles from the Gulf and within easy access to Lake Pontchartrain, by the picturesque little stream now known as Bayou St. John, which flowed back of the spot selected by Bienville for the city he wished to found in honor of the Duke d'Orleans.

It would be useless to dwell at length upon the vicissitudes of the new-born town in the course of the 18th Century, as the Colony passed from French control to Spanish

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domination and thence was won back to France by the diplomacy of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Meanwhile before the dawn of 1800 there were internal disturbances which made the American Government very desirous to obtain possession of the territory. First, in order to facilitate commerce, and secondly, to obviate the threatened war between the Western States and the Spanish authorities in New Orleans—who refused not only to sell or grant any lands to a citizen of the United States, but even forbade any deposit of merchandise in New Orleans—and thus destroyed all the commercial hopes founded by the United States, which looked upon the Mississippi as the natural channel for transportation, and New Orleans as a center for export and the most convenient receiving port.

Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States at the time when Napoleon regained Louisiana, knew how loyal the States had been to the Union and how they had rejected all the Spanish offers to forego allegiance to the central government in order to join the colony of Louisiana, so he resolved to do all that was possible to remove the causes of complaint and disturbance. James Monroe was accordingly despatched to France to open negotiations for the purchase of New Orleans—as soon as it was known that the colony had been ceded back to Napoleon—and the chief object Jefferson had in view was to obtain right of way through the Mississippi delta to the Gulf.

Napoleon, realizing the strained relations between England and France, was willing to sell, not only

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New Orleans, but the whole of Louisiana, for $15,000,000, and signed the treaty at Paris, April 30, 1803, a little more than one month after the Spaniards had made the cession. When the news that France again had possession reached Louisiana, the French citizens naturally rejoiced at the transfer, as they believed it to be, for at first they did not suspect that Napoleon would sell the territory to the Americans, and in their joy at being once more in allegiance to their well-loved mother country, "La Belle France," they generously agreed to leave the Spanish settlers in full and undisturbed possession of whatever property they then held.

Some of the names of the best-known citizens of our New Orleans of to-day, occupied with honor the first offices in the young city in 1800, and played prominent parts in maintaining peace amidst these political changes.

When, on November 30, 1803, the Spanish flag was lowered and the banner of France floated once more over the old Cabildo, there was no enthusiastic demonstration of joy from the crowds assembled to witness the exchange, for news had just arrived that Napoleon had sold the Colony to the United States,—and the people knew that in a short while the Stars and Stripes would replace the Fleur de Lis.

From this period dates the beginning of that influx of English-speaking citizens, the pioneers of the manufacturers and trades people who came to establish the commercial system so long desired by the Western States,—and which question came near causing war. We can read-

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ily understand that the feelings between the old residents and the new-comers were somewhat strained for a long time—and thus divided the city into the French and English sections—of which Canal Street was the dividing line.

Thus we see that New Orleans, though peopled by various nationalities, was now secure under the home government with no more danger of being the shuttlecock between the battledores of European unrest; progress could now keep pace with the ambition of the citizens, and a period of calm seemed about to dawn during which the fair Crescent City could expand and grow in beauty, wealth and importance.

The Indian tribes which had given so much trouble all during the 18th Century were now at peace, but a more powerful foe was approaching—and while disturbing the plans for commerce and improvement was to add a new page of glory to the history of New Orleans. All are familiar with the thrilling account of General Jackson's splendid victory at the Battle of New Orleans—which closed our contest with England—so it were needless to do more than lay a new tribute of praise and gratitude beside the countless others presented to our heroic commander. New Orleans was saved, and without losses to mourn was under these glorious auspices ready to begin a new period of rapid development.

These few historical facts merely noting the important and interesting events which illustrated the period preceding and at the time of the birth of Adrien form a nec-

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essary foundation to the sketch of his life—for how can one form a correct conception of the child's and the man's life if surroundings and circumstances, so potent factors in character formation, be unknown?

It is not possible to mention all, or to go into detail, but the reader will be able to form some idea of the boyhood home and environment of Adrien Rouquette.

All these vicissitudes—all these changes—played no little part in moulding the characters of the new race born of the descendants of French, Spanish and English colonists, and the sons of New Orleans were prudent in council, brave and gallant in warfare, generous in hospitality, and deeply attached to the pure pleasures of a home life, where urbanity, grace and good taste made their homes a rendezvous for the cultured and refined,—and so brilliant were the assemblies which grouped together the elite of the city, that a European might easily fancy the beautiful women in their silks and laces and jewels, and the gallant men so distinguished and noble, to be in the salon of a Madame Recamier, or de Swetchine.

The Faubourg St. Jean might have been termed the garden district of the growing city, which was then comprised between Bienville, North Rampart, Hospital and the river-front. A short drive back brought into view the beautiful little Bayou which gave its name to the section "St. Jean." On its sloping banks were the country homes of the well-to-do citizens who owned plantations between the city and the Bayou—and across the laughing ripples of the winding stream the sunlight frolicked as it danced

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through the branches of the giant oaks and pecan trees, which were yet undisturbed and sheltered remnants of the Choctaw Indian tribe.

BAYOU ST. JOHN.

In the forests of God how peaceful is prayer!
With Natures' own Music no Art can compare.
The waves of the Bayou bring balm to my heart,
How happy to feel of this scene I am part.—
Hearing the wind speaking low to the trees,
While the tremor of leaves in response to the breeze,
Lifts up the soul to the heavens serene,
Where earth fades away and God only is seen,
Only His voice in the silence resounds,
And heavenly joy through my being abounds.

ABBE ROUQUETTE.

Many of the wealthy Creole families had made their homes in this pleasant locality, and among the number was Mr. Rouquette, a well-known, highly-respected and distinguished gentleman of French descent. He was well endowed with the goods of this world and Madame Rouquette was in every way fitted to adorn and direct her luxurious home and growing family. We can easily picture to ourselves this old colonial residence, with its wide verandas curtained from the tropical sun by a verdant screen of honeysuckle and climbing roses; with its broad halls and spacious apartments in which most of the articles, whether for comfort or ornament, had come across the seas with the French ancestors.

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BAYOU ST. JOHN.

COLONIAL RESIDENCE.

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Wide gardens surrounded the house, not those stately formal creations which make one recall Washington Irving's description of a Dutch parlor in New Amsterdam, where everything is in prim, stiff, unattractive symmetry —neither was it the opposite style—of landscape garden wherein art rather hides nature, but it was the sweet old-fashioned garden when walks curved their shell borders amid beds of luxurious and brilliant if simple flowers so loved by our grandmothers long ago.

There were the periwinkle, verbena, marigold, and coxcomb nodding as gayly in the balmy breeze as the rarest exotic of to-day could do. Nowhere were the roses more beautiful, the violets more fragrant and the lilies more dazzling and stately than in Madame Rouquette's garden, carefully tended by her own hands—and all the year round the air was laden with the sweet perfume of Chinese olive, magnolia fuscata or shrub mignonette. Such was the birthplace and home of Adrien Rouquette.

But here and there at no great distance were Indian villages—the name of one still remaining to designate the site of the Tchoupitoulas. The proximity of the home of Adrien to the woods where the Choctaws roamed and the villages where their wigwams were, tended much to influence young Adrien. So thus we see him at the beginning of life, the child of wealthy parents, who owned many negro slaves—and coming in contact from his earliest years with the race for whose salvation his future life was to be so entirely devoted, as the Apostle of the Choctaws.

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CHAPTER SECOND.

CHILDHOOD

New Orleans at the time of Adrien's birth had but one church, under the patronage of St. Louis. The original frame chapel was destroyed by fire in March, 1788, and the new edifice, which owed its existence to the generosity of Don Andres Almonaster, of Roxas, a Spanish Knight and Registor of the Supreme Court in New Orleans, was opened for public worship on Christmas day, 1794.

The celebrated and revered Antonio de Sidella, familiarly called "le bon Pere Antoine," was no doubt the officiant at the ceremony of little Adrien Rouquette's baptism, a privilege every son of the Crescent City would feel honored to claim. Thus did the sacred laver of regeneration, from the dawn of his existence, make the little child a citizen of heaven and the brother of the angels. But it did not transform his natural temperament, and from his earliest infancy Adrien manifested a wilful, petulant disposition, which soon made him the supreme master of the nursery and his devoted black "Mammy." Little "Massa Adrien" ruled her completely, and when pralines and "des petits gateaux" could not be obtained by cajoleries they were generally yielded up to pacify her young master's violent outbursts of temper. Yet his was not a morose nature and the clouds soon drifted away to give place to sunshine. From the time

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he learned to talk, Adrien readily picked up the quaint negro French which so frequently recurs in his writings. This dialect he learned from the slaves, but it was in no way an obstacle to the acquisition of the purest French then generally spoken in business and in society. Even at this early age his linguistic facilities were remarkable.

When between three and four years of age he was much interested in some Indian children, who came across the Bayou to sell to Madame Rouquette fresh fish, crabs, or game, according to the season. As weeks and months went by, Adrien's interest ripened into an acquaintance, and soon quite a friendship sprang up. We can see in this the wonderful guiding Providence of the Heavenly Father who fosters in the infancy of his future Apostle a warm feeling in the race for whose salvation he was to labor so generously. Adrien showed the little Indian lads his little treasures—his dogs, his pony and his toys, and listened enraptured to their brief descriptions of the wonders of the woods and the pleasures of their free, wild life.

One Spring morning, when Adrien was a little more than five years old, his mother having taken the fish brought by the Indians, and Mammy being safely occupied in the nursery, the idea came to the child that it would be very easy and most delightful to follow the young traders back to the forest, where birds and rabbits and flowers had their homes, and where his Indian friends could show him many wonderful things hidden away over there in the woods.

It did not take long for the thought to extend to execu-

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tion and unconsciously rejoicing in the absence of any obstacle, off he ran as fast as a hare to overtake the Choctaw youths ere they reached the Bayou. They were by no means loath to accept the little boy's comradeship, so Adrien was placed in the pirogue and in a few moments they were on the opposite bank of the stream under the shade of the great trees, enjoying the fresh breeze and the perfume of the young vegetation still sparkling with dew. The vast solitude pleased and awed the child, the flowers attracted him, the songs of the birds thrilled him with a joy he could not understand, and when he saw the rabbits jump about and heard the squirrels chatter in the branches above his head, he exulted in the possession of a happiness to which his whole nature seemed to go out, and he thought nothing could be more desirable than to live forever there in the forest.

Meanwhile at home no such sentiments were entertained. A few moments after Adrien's departure, Mammy came to get him for a trip to the garden—a morning walk, but no where was the child to be found. She searched the house and grounds in vain, and then crying bitterly over the loss of her favorite, whom she vaguely feared to have fallen into the Bayou—as she noticed the open gate—she went in to tell her mistress of Adrien's disappearance and to get help to find him.

Madame Rouquette at once summoned several young slaves, who were devoted to their young 'Mars Adrien," and sent them in different directions to look for him. One of these had also remarked the open gate, so he went at

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BOGUE FALAYA RIVER.

CHAPEL AT CHINCHUBA.

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once to the Bayou, and saw the pirogue fastened on the opposite side. The idea occurred to him that Adrien might have gone over with the Indians, so seizing the Rouquette's own boat, he crossed and landed at the same spot. Then stooping he examined the footprints in the moist earth and saw what made him sure that his quest would prove successful. Sure enough he had not gone far when shouts of laughter from the little runaway guided him to the group of children where Adrien was enjoying his freedom to the utmost.

It did not take long to swing the truant to his shoulder and hasten homeward to allay the anxieties of Madame Rouquette and Mammy. When the little fellow burst into the room, breathless, and eagerly poured forth the joy and happiness he had experienced and showed the treasures he had received from his young Indian friends, Mammy could only smile, while Madame tried to look grave. She drew her little son close beside her and tried to make him understand that his running away had given her much pain and worry. At the conclusion the impulsive child flung his arms around his mother's neck and promised never again to go with his dear Choctaw comrades without letting her know. And so the episode passed away. By the time Adrien had reached the age of six all were accustomed to see him go off with his dusky playmates, and he was even allowed to seek them from time to time in their wigwams—and he loved nothing half so well as to dress like one of them and revel in the wild woods, where, young as he was, God's presence in the

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primeval forest impressed his innocent mind with a devout sense of reverence. Adrien was naturally a pious child, and from the time when at his mother's knee he was taught to lisp the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, he had loved to offer his heart to our Lord. And especially when far from the haunts of civilization did he realize the omnipresence and omniscience of the Creator—though he could hardly have told you why. But his was not the calm, quiet elevation of the soul to God, it was more like the impetuous rushing of the torrent to the sea.

So when he stole away to join his red-skinned comrades, he would first drink in, as it were, the sweet sense of God's nearness, which he always felt when in the forest. Then away he would speed as swift as any Indian lad, and with his friends would race through the tangled undergrowth of our Southern woodlands, or vie with any in agility in climbing a tree, and prove himself as skilful as any in fishing or in trapping. He listened to the Indian chants, and looked at their dances, and ere long could join with them as one of the tribe, so perfectly had he acquired the language, tone and gesture.

What more fitting preparation could Divine Providence have planned for one whose future sphere of action was to be among these same Choctaw Indians—*Deus Meus quam admirabile vias tuas sunt!*

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CHAPTER THIRD.

YOUTH AND SCHOOLDAYS.

Such a wild existence, untrammeled by the conventionalities of civilized life suited young Rouquette exactly, and he was absent so often and remained away so long, and was so habituated to the Indian customs that before his eighth year dawned he could easily have been mistaken for a little Indian had a stranger met the child roving through the woods or playing in the Indian villages with the Choctaw children.

Madame Rouquette at first thought little of her son's fancy for this sort of life, saying: "He is young and will not be harmed at all by contact with the poor, simple Indians, and the open air exercise will strengthen and invigorate him physically. Besides there is plenty of time to think of taming him when he grows older."

But when he reached his eighth year and repulsed all attempts to confine him and teach him aught save Indian craft, Madame Rouquette grew anxious and wished she had not allowed Adrien such freedom of intercourse with the savages. It was a little late, but she could only see the matter from a human standpoint and did not know that she had been unconsciously aiding the designs of God's Providence.

She now determined to sever these old connections, and by placing Adrien at school, where he could meet

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children of his own rank and station, turn his thoughts in another direction.

At that time the "College d'Orleans" was the best equipped and most frequented by the aristocracy of the city. So our young hero was formally entered, and his mother drew a sigh of relief as she thought that the task was removed from her to the professors. But the life Adrien had led up to that period had not prepared him to sit quietly on the benches of the classroom; nor did he find his new friends half as entertaining as the Indian lads. How could the prosy rules of grammar fix the child's attention when the trill of a mocking bird, or perfume-laden breeze from the woodland reminded him of the delights his forest friends were enjoying while he was imprisoned and had to undergo the penance of study—dry, dull and uninteresting! It was impossible! He could not, thus, at once change his mode of existence, and so at school was woefully idle, ever on the watch for a fair opportunity to escape and run away to the woods. Not infrequently would Adrien plan a whole day of freedom, and on such occasions never go near the college; instead, seek the shortest road to the haunts of his wild comrades, whom he had planned to meet for an excursion of hunting or fishing.

Under such circumstances the beginning of Adrien's education was neither agreeable to the professors, nor very beneficial to the child. Yet, by dint of persevering efforts, the foundations were laid for the brilliant after-career, when, as a writer, young Rouquette won his lau-

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rels both at home and abroad. The child's mind was like a fertile soil that yields a hundredfold for each grain sown. He was remarkably intelligent, readily grasping theories and facts far above his years—and his memory was so retentive that he never forgot a thing once heard, while his imagination was so lively and vivid that it was rivalled only by the impulsive, generous, excitable, enthusiastic, spirited and zealous nature of his will. These qualities made Adrien an imperious ruler among his comrades, whenever he condescended to desert his old-time favorites, the Indians. In all their games, Adrien was the arbiter, such influence had he gained for truth, justice and sincerity. His words might become heated by flashes of passion, but purity and modesty were striking characteristics everywhere and always.

Two years of this miserable life dragged on; for Adrien most tiresome because of the constraint and punishment they brought, for he had still to learn how sweet it is to "drink deep of the Pierian Spring"; to the professors they were years of trial and disappointment, and to his mother they were full of weary anxiety on account of her son's antipathy to civilized life, and full of misgivings for the future. Madame Rouquette said many a "mea culpa" for ever having allowed this intimacy between her child and the savages, (a term which Adrien deeply resented when applied to his dearly loved friends).

However much Madame Rouquette regretted this predilection of her son, she often consoled herself with the thought that perhaps a like intimacy with the children

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of the city had not left her child's soul as innocent and pure—and while his mind had little knowledge from books, it was stored with many a lesson of nature learned from the children of the forest.

Nothing tells more upon the health than worry, and by the Summer of 1822 Madame Rouquette was almost an invalid. Physicians recommended a change of air, but it was difficult to leave home, and she thought that if relieved from the responsibility of watching over Adrien, for at least the two months of vacation, she could more easily recuperate and at the same time give the boy a pleasure often longed for and much anticipated. The fulfilment would approach as near as possible the acme of his ambition. So it was arranged that Adrien would pay a long visit to his uncle, whose home was situated on Bayou Lacombe, about half way between Mandeville and Pearl River. There he dwelt with his family quiet and secluded in the heart of the pine lands on the banks of the Bayou, with no neighbors but the Choctaws, who lived here and there, cultivating their little plots of ground and bringing to New Orleans the surplus of their crops and the various herbs so much prized by the old Creole cooks.

A drive to the lake and a short trip across it found Adrien at Mandeville, where his uncle was awaiting him. Very soon they reached home, a very simple but comfortable dwelling, and Adrien was welcomed by his shy cousins, who gazed at him quite timidly at first. He soon made friends, and determined to lose not one iota of the rustic pleasures the surroundings seemed to promise.

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LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

BAYOU PICTURE.

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Ere long Adrien was the life of all their sports and foremost in every expedition on pleasure bent. What games they had on the pine needles of the woods! What picnics when they spent the whole day abroad! And how the days flew away! August was about to close, and in a few days Adrien was to return to New Orleans. The young people planned one more day of fine sport; they would go off to one of the deep pools in which the fish seemed to congregate during dry weather, when the water was low in the Bayou. There they would spend the day. Early one morning they started out, and after a delightful ramble reached a spot famous for its fine fishing. There was a rather wide expanse of water and for some distance down the stream was quite deep and covered with those lovely lavender blossoms of the water-hyacinths so common in our Louisiana bayous.

The children at once set to work preparing the fishing tackle, digging for the bait, and gathering fagots for the fire; for they intended to cook their dinner and enjoy their fish on the spot.

Very soon all was quiet, not a word was spoken for fear of frightening away the finny treasures, and ere long one could hear a smothered exclamation here and there as first one and then another landed a fine fish. It did not take very long to catch sufficient for their own repast, and still have a good string to carry home. Then the fire was set a crackling and busy fingers prepared the fish, and soon young appetites, whetted by the pine-scented air, were enjoying the toothsome morsels.

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The sylvan banquet ended, the basket packed and everything ready to carry home, the children wandered up and down gathering flowers and mosses and delicate ferns.

Little Marie, who had sworn allegiance to Adrien, and seemed to think her city cousin could accomplish anything, asked him to help her obtain some water lilies. Some grew so near the shore she could almost reach them. Adrien assented, and looked about for some means to get to them, for while near the shore, they were beyond reach. After looking about for some time, he spied an old delapidated pirogue abandoned as worthless by some Indian. Adrien pulled it out, seized a long stick, and was about to push out toward the flowers, when Marie asked to go with him, and without considering the pros and cons both children were soon seated in the little boat, and Adrien, warning Marie to sit erect in the center and keep the balance, pushed out from the shore. In a few seconds they were in the midst of the bed of flowers, had gathered large bunches and were fast returning, when a water snake glided out beside the canoe so near that Marie started, leaned to one side and before either realized what had happened both children were in the water. Adrien had been too often with the Indians along Bayou St. John not to have learned to swim, and he knew the water was shallow, so did not lose his presence of mind.

The pirogue, bottom up, was beside him, so he held to it and looked for Marie. Though the water was not deep, it was far beyond her depth, and she had gone down out

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of sight, but only to rise in a minute. When she came to the surface Adrien caught her by the hair, drew her to the boat, and she too held on. Then Adrien looked for his stick, but it was out of reach. Meanwhile the boys on shore were frightened, but not helpless. They took in the situation at a glance and in less time than it takes to tell, had cut a long sapling and held it out to Adrien, and in a few moments both children were standing on terra firma laughing at each others half-drowned appearance.

Luckily the fire was not yet dead, so it was soon blazing and the hero and heroine of the adventure were drying their garments and able to lament the loss of the hyacinths.

The shadows of evening were already making a twilight under the pine trees when they reached home, eager to recount the events of their day. Naturally Adrien was the hero of the occasion, and he seemed to experience a sort of proprietorship over Marie, feeling that he had saved her life. She in turn looked upon him as her preserver and the ideal of all that was noble and heroic, so a bond of mutual sympathy was formed between the little cousins, and in later years Adrien used to say that it was then he met his first Atala.

A few days later Madame Rouquette sent a servant to bring her son home, and in a few more days he was again at the College d' Orleans dreaming of the happy days spent on Bayou Lacombe. I wonder if some sweet voice did not whisper that it would one day be his home? Strange, indeed, it is, but the most striking events of Adrien Rou-

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quette's life were to be connected with this humble sequestered region. Throughout his career the memories of Bayou Lacombe ever lay closest to his heart.

As time sped on, years later, in this same sylvan solitude, Adrien met his second Atala, and it was here that Adrien, the poet, wrote his idyll, "La Nouvelle Atala," and finally, when Providence had guided the poet into the priesthood, it was still upon the banks of Bayou Lacombe that he made his home and the scene of his life-work.

But now—to return to our young student; a title to which he by no means aspired.

Madame Rouquette pleaded with him, and the professors encouraged him, so Adrien promised to apply himself to his books, but his good resolutions melted like wax near the flame, and soon he was longing to escape the thralldom of the school, the haunts of civilization, and return to his habits of old, truancy and idleness. His parents were very wealthy, every desire had been gratified, but when Madame Rouquette saw that her son did not respond to her wishes, she determined that another year should find him so situated that it would be impossible for him to live as at present, with, and like his Indian friends. There were several English-speaking families in New Orleans who sent their sons off to the schools of the North, so Madame Rouquette obtained all the information requisite and wrote to the Preparatory School of Transylvania University, in Kentucky, for arrangements, in order to enter Adrien as soon as possible.

Everything was prepared and the passage engaged

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on one of the large boats then so numerous on the Mississippi, and one day it was announced to Adrien that he was to leave at once. The anxious mother often asked herself whether such a step were really wise, for would it not place her child in a distinctly Protestant element, and what would become of his religious training? She consulted the saintly Père Antoine, and relying upon his assurance that Adrien could never be influenced, but rather, that any attempt to alter his religious belief would tend to make him adhere even more firmly to his faith, she decided to send him away. He had made his First Communion, was confirmed, and was a devout and truly pious child. His innate repulsion and horror for anything that tended to immorality seemed to safeguard him on that score. So, after multiplied prayers for guidance, had Madame Rouquette finally decided Adrien's entrance into the Kentucky school. This was in 1824. When informed of the change, Adrien was silent, he had dwelt too long among the Indians not to have acquired a certain amount of stoicism. Naturally the wrench was great which removed him from surroundings and persons to whom he was deeply attached, but with the buoyancy of childhood he readily turned his mind to interesting conjectures as to his future home and companions.

At last the day of departure arrived. Adrien saw his trunk carried down to the wharf, and soon the farewells were said and he was on board one of the largest and best equipped passenger boats of the river. As he entered the cabin and saw his reflection in the large mirror at the

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opposite end, he exclaimed: "Look, Mamma, there is a boy just my size coming to meet me!" This illusion was more than verified, for before the last bell rang quite a number of boys and young men came on board, several of whom were destined for the same school as Adrien. So from the beginning of the trip it promised to be lively. At the last moment Mrs. Rouquette reiterated her instructions, and then fondly embraced her little son, bidding him write regularly and tell her everything. Adrien promised and waved his handkerchief as long as his tear-dimmed eyes allowed him to see the dear figure standing on the wharf, until the boat was out of sight. A new life was to begin for Adrien, and this was a pleasant part of it. There was no section of the boat unexplored, and whenever a way landing occupied any length of time the boys were allowed to go on shore. The steady companionship with boys a good deal older than himself had an excellent effect. It showed Adrien what he had failed to acquire, brought home to him his ignorance and backwardness. These influences prepared Adrien to make a good beginning in his college career, for he inwardly resolved to make up for lost time, give pleasure thereby to his mother and please his Heavenly Father.

Unfortunately there are no details to be had of this period of Adrien's life, save a few salient facts. Notwithstanding his resolves, there were occasional lapses into idle habits, and these were followed by salutary punishment, but these occurrences grew rarer and the boy developed into a thoroughly satisfactory student.

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He left the preparatory school with honor and entered the college or university, where he achieved great success.

After three or four years' steady application Adrien obtained permission to go to a private institution at Mantua, near Philadelphia, which enjoyed a fine reputation, and Madame Rouquette was only too well pleased with her son's progress to deny a request which might aid much in spurring his ambition to attain the highest excellence. For this promised to the mother's pride, the fulfilment of her cherished desire to have Adrien enter the professional rank and acquire celebrity. This trip was not as easy to make as was that from New Orleans, but it was perhaps more interesting, and certainly more varied.

It would be useless to describe the progress of the boats, and the uncomfortable stage coaches, as all these details are given in the lives of most of our early missionaries. Adrien was young and enjoyed what would be painful to an older person.

He reached Mantua and spent at least a year there, and was so well advanced in his studies that the masters deemed it advisable, should he desire to continue his education further, that he should enter one of the greater universities, so at the close of his term, in his seventeenth year, Adrien returned to New Orleans. We can readily imagine the sentiments of Madame Rouquette when the day arrived on which her Adrien was to return. Love and pride each strove for the mastery, though I fancy the former predominated. And Adrien? What were his feel-

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ings? Mingled hopes and fears; joy at the thought of again meeting his loved ones, and vague fears lest some barrier be raised to prevent his ever renewing the old friendship with the Choctaw youths. He little dreamed of the near future awaiting him—nor did Madame Rouquette as yet think of what she was so soon to do. Meanwhile Adrien reached home.

He left it a child and now he was closing that volume of his life—*his childhood.*

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CHAPTER FOURTH.

STUDIES ABROAD.

The late arrival of the boat left little time that night for Madame Rouquette to study with a fond maternal eye the changes time, development and athletic exercises had wrought in Adrien.

Early next morning, knowing that of old her son had wont to love an early ramble, and feeling sure this first day at home would find him anxious to visit every nook and corner of his old time haunts, she descended to the breakfast room to await his entrance and feast her eyes upon his manly figure. She did not have to wait long before his firm, bouyant step announced his coming, and in a few moments the mother and son, in a loving embrace, told each other the joy of reunion. Then bidding Adrien walk back some distance from her, Madame Rouquette examined him with pardonable pride.

Above middle size, tall for his age, strongly built, with a well-knit sinewy frame, yet agile, supple and in every motion graceful, his broad shoulders giving the impression of physical strength, while his air of ease, almost amounting to dignity, his reserved and thoughtful countenance denoted self-control and moral power. Jet black hair framed a broad brow bespeaking intellectual development, and beneath heavy black eyebrows his large black eyes sparkled and shone with lustre upon the least ex-

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citement, and looked straight forward with a glance so limpid, pure, frank and honest that one felt instinctively that Adrien Rouquette commanded implicit trust, and confidence, and was utterly incapable of any deed he would fear to lay before the world.

At the same time a merry twinkle revealed the boyish glee and very delight of existence in God's beautiful world with its pleasant inhabitants. Such was the picture that Madame Rouquette gazed upon with sentiments of love and gratification.

Unfortunately, as the old adage tells us, "there is no rose without a thorn," and a few moments, conversation revealed the sad fact to his mother that Adrien had nearly forgotten his mother-tongue. The discovery was appalling! Why had she not foreseen such an event! Why had she not arranged some means to have her son continue the study of French, or, in fine, why had she not sent him to a place where he stood in no danger of losing the use of his own beautiful language! Such were the interior self-expostulations of Madame Rouquette after Adrien had left the house and she had the leisure to think.

To understand fully the annoyance caused by this discovery, we must recall the state of affairs existing in New Orleans at the time when the Western States were threatening to battle for the right to use the river, harbor and city for purposes of commerce. It is true the Louisiana purchase settled that score amicably, and Northern and Western merchants and manufacturers poured into the long-coveted foothold, stirring up a lively traffic with

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their energy and determination. Little by little the numbers so increased that the new-comers formed a strong party in the business quarter of New Orleans, and while it became evident that the new element was opening a period of great development for the city, there was a sentiment among the original inhabitants that somewhat resembled dislike, and aggression. The Americans, as they were called, built their homes chiefly above Canal Street, which served as a sort of dividing line between the French and American quarters. There it was neutral ground, but social functions generally assembled in their own respective sections, the elite of French or American families. In those olden days many a distinguished lady boasted that she had never crossed Canal Street to enter the opposite half of the city. So in general among the old families of the French and Spanish dominions there was somewhat of an antipathy toward the English language—suggestive, as it were, of the encroachment of the Americans. Hence we can understand Madame Rouquette's horror when she learned that Adrien knew more English than French. This was a cloud obscuring some of the sunshine of the home-coming. Adrien had left his mother to begin his tour of reconnaissance among the slaves and even among the domestic animals—playfellows of childhood days. While he was enjoying the praise and admiration of old Mammy and other dusky friends, his mother was busy planning another change for him. Her son was a descendant of an old French family, and her will that he should embrace a profession and become illustrious was not to be thwarted, her ambition must be satisfied!

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Before the family met at dinner everything had been arranged for the near future, and we can imagine the young man's surprise when his mother told him to prepare at once to depart on a voyage.

He was somewhat disappointed. What, not even given time to cross the Bayou and seek out his Indian comrades of some years ago? Well, it cannot be helped, so we must try to find some pleasing side to the situation. At seventeen one has curiosity, love of excitement, and change, and finds so much delight in travel that the mere suggestion is pleasurable.

Besides these sentiments, Adrien had been so long absent that no ties beyond family affection bound him to his home.

"But where," he asked, "am I to go, and for what purpose?"

"You will take the steamer that sails in a few days for France," replied Madame Rouquette, 'and go directly to Paris to continue your studies."

This was news indeed, and opened a horizon all aglow with the brilliant scenes that his imagination began to picture. To France, "la belle France," the land of chivalrous deeds of heroes and of saints, the home of art and science, the shrine of beauty, the land whose history had made him dream of its glories. Adrien was ready—was happy to go, and in a few days more was out of sight of his native land, beginning the long, dull voyage, uneventful, unless a storm arose, and then dangerous. He had ample time for reflection and the immensity of the deep, the solemnity

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of the scene, brought him nearer to his God than since the days when he fancied the faint rustling of the forest leaves to be the whispering of God to His creatures. Now the beautiful sunrise, the glowing sunset, the gleam of the waves in the moonlight, each told him of some attribute of the Divinity, of some secret of the soul's communication with its Maker. Adrien was always to study, see and love the Creator in the beauties of His creation.

Charles X was reigning at this time, 1829, but the government was by no means stable, and the next year was to see Paris in the throes of another revolution.

France experienced one disturbance after another, and while suffering politically, had seen during the great revolution, both art and literature descend in the same scale, and what the tyranny and bloodshed of the Reign of Terror had effected materially was reflected in the intellectual and moral world by the writings of Rousseau, Diderot, Voltaire and others. The dawn of the nineteenth century had brought an awakening of the Christian spirit and true genius with the renown of young Chateaubriand, Joseph de Maistre, Lamartine and a number of other distinguished writers.

Strange to say, the great Revolution had spared the "College Royal," as it was again called under the Restoration. This institute was founded in 1530 by Francis I, to teach Hebrew and Greek, neither being included in the curriculum of the University of Paris. Four years later the founder granted a new chair of Latin oratory to the "College de France," as it was then called. This

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event changed the name to "College of Three Languages." Under Louis XIII it was first called College Royal, but when the Revolution came the term "National" was substituted for Royal and later Napoleon converted this into "Imperial." Students were admitted free, and they flocked in great numbers from all over Europe to profit by the splendid advantages offered.

Francis had also added chairs of mathematics, medicine and philosophy; Charles IX that of surgery; Henry III that of the Arabic languages; Henry IV two for botany and astronomy; Louis XIII canon law and the Syriac language; Louis XV French literature and Louis XVIII chairs of Sanskrit and Chinese. These statistics, with the list of eminent men who formed the brilliant faculty, will give us an idea of the great advantages such a mind as that of Adrien Rouquette could derive from a course of study under such favorable circumstances.

After a long, but not unpleasant voyage, he reached the great metropolis, and though at first somewhat bewildered, expressed his desire of entering the college ranks at once. He had letters of introduction to several influential gentlemen, and in a short while was comfortably established in good lodgings within the vicinity of the college and beginning in earnest the purpose of his coming. It was about the Fall of 1829 and until the outbreak of the great political upheaval of July 25, 1830, he worked with zeal and ardor, making great strides in knowledge and science.

The political horizon did not seem very clear, and

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his friends advised Adrien to withdraw from Paris and go to Nantes to pursue his studies. This was well suited to his taste, as he realized that the whirlpool of fashionable frivolities was drawing him into its dangerous vortex, and with his impassioned nature, he feared to be engulfed.

Recommendations from the college and from his friends placed him advantageously at Nantes.

This ancient capital of Brittany, situated on the right bank of the Loire at the junction of the Erdre, offered multiple attractions to the young student. The ancient part of the city had been walled about until the seventeenth century, and with its quaint, old buildings and narrow streets, seemed to take one back to the stirring scenes of the Middle Ages.

Adrien had resolved not to allow any of the Parisian dissipations to hamper his progress, hence he spent many hours searching among the college folios for minute descriptions of those olden days.

The Cathedral of St. Pierre contained the mausoleum of the last duke of Brittany, and the semi-Gothic castle whose chapel, used as a powder magazine, and in 1800 blown up, thus mutilating the famous pile to a great extent, proved most interesting to the young student of historical antiquities.

Here Henry IV in 1598 had signed the Edict of Nantes, giving freedom of worship to Protestants. In 1654 the castle had become the prison of the Cardinal de Retz, but besides these recollections every part of the building was connected with the sojourn of one or another monarch,

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for most of the French Kings from Charles VIII, had made this a royal residence, and all these historic souvenirs were more attractive to Adrien than even the museum with its thousand paintings and its three hundred sculptures.

Young Rouquette had rooms in the new part of the city, which was built of white stone and beautified by some fine boulevards; but now these offered few enticements to him. His natural bent of mind inclined him to avoid gay throngs, such as were to be met had he frequented the fashionable resorts, so when freedom from college duties gave him the leisure, he turned his steps toward the castle, the cathedral or some other antique, sequestered nook, where undisturbed he could pursue some favorite train of thought. But Nantes did not keep our young student any longer than Paris had, and the next year found him in another famous old city of Brittany, the old-time fortified town at the junction of the rivers Ille and Vilaine, whose ancient name of Condate was changed into its modern appellation of Rennes, from the Armorican Tribe called by the Romans, Redones. This people had been independent, until the marriage of Anne of Brittany to Charles VIII of France made them vassals to the French crown.

Adrien's principal object in coming to Rennes was to benefit by the fine faculties of science and literature offered by the college there; and at the same time profit by the magnificent library, one of the city's chief attractions.

There is also a fine art gallery, but he was too much in books and preparations for his examinations, in the hope of winning his degree, to allow any other attraction

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to rob him of the precious time of study. Among the Bretons Adrien was in his element. They are a hardy, noble race, strong in faith, bold in courage, with a virility that knows neither softness or frivolity, and as step by step we follow our hero through the various stages of his life we cannot help but see how the wisdom of God was leading him on, unconsciously to himself, unknown even to his intimates and familiars, but in a clear and merciful way, as we who view his life in the perspective of almost a century, can so plainly see. Providence had brought him to Rennes and so arranged circumstances that besides the worldly wisdom he came to seek, many another lesson of spiritual intelligence was to be instilled into his soul, so generous and ardent in the pursuit of what he deemed worthy of his upright and loyal adherence. Never before had Adrien been placed in contact with staunch and earnest Catholics whose faith had never been shaken and could never waver, and to whom faith and practice were equivalent terms. Such Catholics had he found among the Bretons.

In New Orleans faith and piety had suffered much from the unsettled state of affairs at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1820 there were hardly twenty Paschal communions in the whole city. This condition the holy Bishop Dubourg set himself to remedy as soon as possible, and the noble zeal of his successors was so successful that by 1835 there were ten thousand communions at Easter, and the able auxiliaries, the Jesuits and the Religious of the Sacred Heart were established and began

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the formation of that galaxy of pious Catholic youths and maidens, the ornament and pride of the Church in Louisiana.

True Adrien had not seen much of the religious condition in his native place, having spent much time at school, but the influence had been felt, and his sojourn in the North had not tended to foster or strengthen his religious inclinations.

And now to be transferred to the heart of Brittany, the home of piety and the devout practice of religion, was to effect in his soul that which takes place when a plant in bud is transferred from a dark, cold place into the warmth and light of a hothouse. The bud develops, unfolds, expands and blooms into fragrance and beauty. But Adrien was so far almost unaware of this awakening of his soul.

Time was speeding away as on wings and at last success was to crown the young student. March 26, 1833, he passed brilliant examinations and received with the applause of his many friends his degree of Baccalaureate.

France had crowned him with honors, friends smiled upon him, and invitations poured in to visit fellow-students in various parts of the country before he left Europe for America.

He accepted many and spent some very pleasant weeks flitting about from place to place in the beautiful valley of the Loire, studying the old legends and mediaeval romances connected with the history of so many an ancient castle and famous abbey.

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He thoroughly enjoyed the beauty and luxury of the places where he was entertained, but some how there was a void in his heart that nothing filled. It seemed to him that the dwellings built by human art could never supply what he experienced in the groves, the primeval forests of his native land, as he used to say. Even the grandest, richest palace or castle seemed "small and cold" when he thought of life in the heart of Nature. Thus the sweet Spring-tide and beautiful Summer vanished and Adrien bade adieu to France and the many friends he had made, and was once more on the ocean counting the days that must drag by so slowly before he could say once more: "Home again."

The voyage was long and so momentous in the after-life of Adrien that it merits more than a passing mention. Here again we see the admirable designs of God's Providence in placing Adrien in the role of protector to two holy Sisters of Mount Carmel, coming over to make a foundation of their Order in Louisiana. They sailed from Havre, September 8, 1833, and fifty-two days were to elapse before they entered the harbor of New Orleans. In the daily life on shipboard the passengers are thrown together and become very well known to one another, and this daily intercourse of the young Louisianian with the daughters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel became a source of great edification to Adrien. He never tired of conversing with them and never left their presence without a deeper sentiment of piety in his own soul and a higher ideal of the life which is a complete oblation and pure

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sacrifice to the great God on high. The perfume of their virtues lingered in the sanctuary of his own soul, and little by little, gave birth to a dissatisfied sense of the vague and emptiness of his own life—and often as he paced the deck alone, gazing aloft at the heavens, he would dream of the future and plan out in heroic measure the life he felt he was but now beginning.

Adrien was much interested in the history of the Order of Mount Carmel and the venerable Mother Therese, one of the early members and a foundress, gave him a full account of the origin, progress and subsequent persecution which led to this voyage to the hospitable shores of the New World.

SISTERS OF CARMEL.

O virgins of Carmel, whose life is a prayer,
Whose hearts are untouched by sin, sorrow or care,
Whose home is a cloister of peace and delight,
Where pure lips forever, by day and by night,
Are pouring forth praise to our Father on high,
List to my pleading, hear my heart's cry:—
Pray for me, Sisters, when morning dawns clear;
Pray for me, Sisters, when shadows draw near!
What to me is vain glory, or a poet's brief fame,
If in your pleadings you breathe but my name:
If my poor songs and your oraisons sweet
In the heart of our Savior lovingly meet,
Then at hour of death I can offer this plea:—
My muse, dearest Lord, sang only for Thee!

ABBE ROUQUETTE.

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In 1824 at Tours existed a flourishing congregation of the Third Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. A holy priest of Tours, Rev. Father Charles Boutelou, witnessing the zeal and piety of the members, conceived the idea of forming them into a religious community. He obtained the approbation of both the Archbishop and Vicar-General, and after overcoming innumerable obstacles from other quarters, in 1825 united the most fervent and faithful into a religious body. Very soon their numbers increased, their work prospered, and they spread their houses in many other towns and villages. Mother Therese had succeeded the second Superior and had just established her community in an old abbey when the revolution of July 1830, broke out.

Rev. Father Boutelou was accused of being a royalist, and the same odium fell upon the Religious. The venerable priest, realizing their perilous situation, dispersed the Sisters first and then escaped to Paris in disguise. One of the first persons he met was the former Bishop of New Orleans, Mgr. Dubourg, who had come to France in the hope of recovering his health. The poor priest felt drawn to pour out the tale of his woes and sorrows to the sympathetic heart of the Bishop, and received at once the inspired advice to sail at once for America with the Sisters of Mount Carmel. The prelate even gave Father Boutelou a letter of recommendation for Bishop de Neckere, his successor to the See of New Orleans.

So in October, 1830, Father Boutelou sailed for America to prepare the way for the Sisters.

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Bishop Neckere received him cordially and kept him some days at the episcopal residence, where they could talk over and arrange all for the speedy coming of the Order of Mount Carmel. Just at that time the Religious of the Sacred Heart were obliged to resign their establishment in Assumption Parish and the Bishop offered their convent to the Sisters, while the great extent of surrounding territory was to be the fields of labor of the holy missionary. After visiting the locality, Father Boutelou arranged with the Bishop that the Vicar-General, Father Jean-Jean, about to visit France, should meet Mother Therese in Paris and decide the departure of the Religious for America.

Many of the Sisters, after the dispersion, had taken refuge in other Orders, so only two responded to the invitation—Mother Therese and Sister Augustin, the two traveling companions of Adrien Rouquette.

Bishop de Neckere died just before they reached New Orleans. Adrien saw that they were safe under the protection of the Vicar-General, Father Blanc, later Bishop of New Orleans. He was a very holy man, and though Bishop de Neckere had obtained from Rome the bulls for his consecration, it was only in 1835 that he could be prevailed upon to consent to receive the dignity and responsibility. He was full of zeal and gladly welcomed the new laborers to the vineyard, and saw them established in the spot chosen by the late Bishop. It was with genuine satisfaction that Bishop Blanc witnessed their success and numerous foundations. Four years later he called the Order to New Orleans.

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Bishop Blanc loved the religious Orders, and one of his first acts as Bishop was to call the Lazarists, Redemptorists and other congregations of men and women to open schools and take charge of charitable institutions.

Adrien Rouquette, ever after this memorable voyage, recalled the pleasure of the intercourse, which, he was happy to say, had laid the foundation of that work of grace in his soul which made him a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedeck. And furthermore, led him later to that Indian apostolate which he followed with saintly zeal for twenty-nine years of his holy life.

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CHAPTER V.

ROMANCE.

The opening lines of "La Nouvelle Atala" reveal the sntiments with which Adrien must have again pressed the soil of his birthplace when he landed once more in New Orleans: *"Dieu a mis daus le coeur de l'homme l'amour de la patrie. Il n'est pas d'homme civilise qui ne prefere sou pays a tous les autres pays."*

NEW ORLEANS IN THE FORTIES.

O city of beauty, my birthplace and home,
My heart's deep devotion from thee cannot roam;
Thy murmuring waters sang soft as I slept,
Round my cradle thy trees their guardianship kept.
In my infancy thou wert a village so calm,
Now with New York thou disputest the palm!
O city once French! hold that glory to thee.
Once vassal of Spain! make their chivalry be
The crown of thy sons, the shield of thy maids,
Thy own special flower that nevermore fades!
Ever dear to my heart, ever fair to my eyes
Wert thou—when, poor exile, I grieved for thy skies,
And mid pleasures abroad I longed for the day,
When clasped in thy arms I should never more stray.

ABBE ROUQUETTE.

This home-coming was joyous in every way. Now there was no cloud to intercept the sunshine of exultant pride

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with which the young Baccalaureate was welcomed by his family and friends, and at once multiple plans were formed for a brilliant season in society. Here, in this other French capital, New Orleans, Adrien, with his Parisian courtesies and French urbanity, would be sure to charm the young Creole belles, and, who knows, a most desirable match might be the result? This would fulfill at least one part of Madame Rouquette's dream for her favorite child.

But Adrien was almost a stranger in the midst of his own home-circle, so he gladly postponed visits and entertainments until he had renewed old ties of family life. What joy to Mammy to be able to gaze upon the nursling of former days and expatiate upon "Mars Adrien's" improvement.

All the servants would gather round, delighted to hear their young master converse with them in their own soft and liquid patois. It ever had a peculiar charm for Adrien, and years later when he had long worn the poet's laurels, he still loved to lapse into the language of the French negro. Some time passed in this way, and when urged by his mother to join some pleasure party, the young man always had some excuse.

He felt no inclination to enter society; the frivolities of the gay world had no attractions for him. Another quotation from his "Atala" can perhaps best express his opinion of those butterflies of fashion who "forgot God and forgot themselves, inebriated by the pleasures which whirl them on, in the midst of a cloud of artificial per-

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fume, who give themselves over to the delirium of the dance and of all those passions which sear the soul and destroy its beauty; who deceive and are deceived; who corrupt and are corrupted; who give and receive death.

"Oh world!" he exclaims, "you make slaves of your subjects, you break asunder the most sacred unions; you annihilate the most holy resolutions, and yet the multitudes hasten to your festivities. Open your theatres, open your ball-rooms, open your reception halls, and the crowds will throng them precipitately, hearts palpitating with excitement, subjugated by your pompous playthings, by your glittering vanities. Alas! Of what use are all these enticements! Vanity of vanities! since they must terminate in a coffin, in a grave; in oblivion!"

Still invitations poured in, there were solicitations at home and from without—all seemed determined to launch Adrien into the midst of the circle of amusements. He was almost forced to appear several times—and his reserve, dignity and refined manners—made quite an impression.

He had travelled and made good use of his powers of observation; he had met noted men and women, so he always had some real subject of conversation, and did not know how to while away the moments in that vain and idle chit-chat which passes sometimes under the name of conversation. His memory was excellent and furnished many a bright and witty anecdote which pleased both young and old. So Adrien promised to become the lion of the day.

But, such was not his ambition, and regardless of what people might think or say, a short while after his arrival, he

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took a "congé," with no companion but his books, and fled to the solitude of the forest, seeking the banks of that much-loved Bayou Lacombe, which appeared more desirable than the court of any king. Here he found the happiness he could never taste in social city life. He himself said: "I became a half savage as I wandered through the woods—and I dressed as did the young Choctaws and lived as they did."

It was not long before he had found out many of his old companions, and they very gladly gave him shelter in their huts and shared with him the produce of their sport.

Adrien did not seek company, he preferred to be alone, and how he did revel in the silence and solitude of the lonely forest! He has told us somewhat of his deep love for sylvan beauty when he describes Atala in her woodland home.

"Solitary she interrogated primitive nature and primitive nature has answered her. She loved the flowers, the stars, all that is graceful, all that is beautiful, all that is sublime, all that reflects the ideal and unveils a glimpse of the Infinite. Her senses were ravished in the presence of the flowers, those tinted stars of our earth, and by the stars, those luminous flowers of the heavens. She was lost in admiration as she contemplated the meeting of the horizon of verdure with the azure horizon of the heavens and gazing at the distant scene which attracted and reposed her soul, she would listen while God spoke to her by His creation."

Similar were the thoughts and feelings of Adrien as

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he left far behind the habitations of men to indulge in the absence of social thralldom and enjoy to his heart's content a period of perfect freedom.

One can picture the erstwhile student, with no annoying obligations, wandering alone, undisturbed, breathing in with every breath a deeper love for the life of a solitary. Or one can see him lying on some mossy bank absorbed in the perusal of the books he had brought with him. One of these was a copy of Chateaubriand's "Atala," and it was with intense interest that he poured over its pages.

Strange indeed the influence a book can exert! The whole tenor of Adrien Rouquette's mind was changed. He who had escaped from home to avoid the mere possibility that social intercourse might settle his destiny in life and convert him into an ordinary benedict, was now so completely metamorphosed by Chateaubriand's glowing word pictures, that it is hard to believe the result a possibility.

Adrien's young soul was richly endowed. His was a poetic temperament, easily yielding to the inspiration of such scenes as the gifted author has depicted so vividly.

At this time his soul might be compared to a very fertile soil awaiting the seed of the sower, but meanwhile growing wild flowers of the field; or to a rich mine awaiting the exploror, while in the meantime the little nuggets of yellow gold go dancing down the mountain torrent.

Under the influence of Chateaubriand's magic pen Adrien was wrought up to an unexpected pitch of enthusiasm. As he read the tragic tale of the poor Natchez In-

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dians, driven away from their peaceful homes, he was fired with a new love for this mistreated race. He read on and on, and by degrees a romantic sentiment pervaded his whole soul. He longed to go forth and do battle for the injured tribes, to spend himself for them, to give himself to them and become as one of them. Was that thought born of a ray of heaven-born light? Did the still, small voice whisper in his ear that it was in very truth to be so one day? The time would come; but it was not in the designs of Providence that his self-oblation for the unhappy Indians was to be effected in the romantic way his heated imagination had now pictured it.

The sentimental mood which had now become his "vade mecum," suggested a far different mode of execution to that which God was to effect. Adrien read and reread passages which had most affected him. No distracting companion was at his side to change the channel of thought, so as he wandered hither and thither, he pondered and planned till the resolution was formed to go around among the various tribes and seek his Atala, some Indian maiden whom he would wed, and thereby prove his loyalty to the people he so loved.

With this definite object in view, Adrien's wanderings were no longer desultory. He began a tour of the different Indian settlements, ever on the alert to receive some sign that he had found his "Atala." He went from one camp to another, but revealed to none the reason of his visit, expecting always to meet her whom he might deem worthy to play the role of Chateaubriand's heroine. So

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he always listened attentively to what might be said of different Indian maidens—and though he often heard words of praise for one or another, nothing seemed to tell him that he was at last upon the trail.

One night, after he had spent some weeks in this sort of life, he sat with the braves around the campfire, and some one spoke of Oushola, the daughter of a great chief, head of a numerous tribe. This maiden's wondrous bird-like voice had given her the name of "Bird-Singer." Adrien started. Was not this the sign he had awaited?

He had a particular affection for the song-birds of the woodland, and would stand motionless, revelling, delighted, as he listened to an outburst of melody from a mockingbird. Not a word of the brief mention of Oushola was lost, and he silently resolved to set out in quest of the chief's dwelling place as soon as the dawn gave the signal to break up camp.

Early next morning Adrien bade farewell to his comrades and began his journey. It was a good day's walk, and just as the sun was disappearing below the horizon, leaving the heavens all aglow with the sunset splendors, and casting a rosy hue upon all surrounding objects, Adrien reached the home of an Indian chief whose first appearance proclaimed him one of Nature's noblemen.

He had just returned from the chase and stood before the door of his humble cot a picture to tempt an artist.

Tall, erect, strong, dignified, an elderly man, his gun upon his shoulder and a fine lot of game in his hand, he stood in the light that lent beauty to all that it touched.

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Hearing the step of a stranger, he turned, and the background of green vines which luxuriously mantled the front of the hut, added a new feature to the scene. Now the reflection from the crimson clouds gave his countenance a brighter hue and his piercing eye sparkled in the light as he gazed at the new-comer—but no word was spoken till Adrien had reached his presence and addressed him.

The chief inspired respect and it was almost with veneration that Adrien craved hospitality, lodging for the night and food, as he had journeyed all day and had tasted nothing since the evening previous. The chief knew at once who his guest was, as the news that the pale-face was in their midst had spread far and wide among the Indians. When he had heard the traveller's request, he assented, bade him welcome, and advancing to the door of the hut called twice: "Oushola! Oushola!" In a few seconds a young maiden stood in the doorway. She was apparently about sixteen years of age, with so striking a resemblance to the chief that one easily recognized his daughter.

Adrien's heart beat rapidly, he felt that this maiden was the object of his search and he listened for the sign. If, when she spoke, the bird-like tones of her voice thrilled his ear, he would be sure that his Atala was found. He leaned forward, intent to catch the first sound of her reply, and when in a clear, musical voice she answered her father's request to take the game and prepare food and lodging for a guest, Adrien trembled with excitement and was obliged to turn away and walk rapidly up and down before the little cot until the nervous tremor was under control.

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Having disposed of his game and put away his gun, the chief came out and found his guest in the pleasant evening of an Indian Summer day. Very soon he had learned the reason of the visit and that having seen Oushola, the paleface was resolved to wed the Indian maiden, if her father assented and if she were free—not already promised to another. The chief answered that she was free and that she had ever been a gentle, docile child, and she would place no obstacle in the way. For himself, he had heard of the white brother of the Choctaw braves for many years, and thought his daughter could do no better by wedding one of her own race. So he consented to the union.

Adrien requested the father to speak first to his daughter, and the chief promised to do so on the morrow.

In the morning Adrien went off early, leaving the father and child together, and toward evening when he returned, he looked at the chief inquiringly. He nodded an assent, and by a gesture in the direction of the interior of the hut, indicated that Oushola had been told.

At the evening meal all were more silent, Oushola was more timid and reserved, scarce raising her eyes while she quietly attended to the needs of her father and their guest, and as soon as possible she retired to her own humble little apartment.

There was no sentimentality, no tender exchange of love tokens—in this strange wooing, all was arranged with frank, simple, matter-of-fact business-like, straightforwardness—rather between the bride's father and

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groom-elect than between the betrothed. So Oushola's haste to disappear rose not from any uneasy apprehension, but rather because of her native humility and modesty.

The beautiful Fall weather seemed now about to give place to one of those long, cold, rainy spells most trying even amidst the comforts of civilization. Adrien told his host that he intended to return home in order to arrange all his affairs and then he would come to claim Oushola, and in his new life never more to leave the race of his adoption.

The chief agreed, and Adrien, having bade farewell to Oushola, departed.

She stood at the door and watched his figure until distance hid him from her view, then turning with a sigh, feeling as though all were over, and she were simply awaiting a new destiny, re-entered her lowly home. As time so soon would tell, her presentiments were before long to be fully realized.

It was not without some trepidation that Adrien started toward New Orleans. By the time he reached Bayou Lacombe he had reflected seriously on the obstacles sure to oppose his plan once his aristocratic mother and family became aware of what he proposed to do. He could so well imagine the tears, expostulations, entreaties, indignant refusal to hear of such a misalliance, that day after day passed and he did nothing but ponder over the situation, never reaching a satisfactory conclusion.

Then took place the torrential rain, the cold weather, and made almost impassable the gullies which lay between

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his present abode and the lake. He was not sorry to be allowed more time, for he really had not the courage to meet Madame Rouquette and shatter her hopes of so many years. It is easy to see that Adrien was not under the influence of that all-absorbing passion—love.

Finally the bright sunshine came to draw him forth and he had journeyed all day, when about the middle of the afternoon he reached that beautiful plain lying between Bayou Lacombe and Mandeville.

Just then he perceived in the distance a group of Indians, and hastened forward to meet them. As he drew near he noticed that they bore signs of mourning. He soon caught up with them and found that they were returning from a funeral. He questioned them, and was surprised that they hesitated to answer, looking respectfully toward a tall figure in the background whom only then did Adrien recognize to be Oushola's father.

The old chief looked mournfully at Adrien, and replied: "We are here to bury Oushola," and he then added a few brief details of her illness and death. That dread malady of the Indians, consumption, had long held a grasp on the young Indian maiden, and during the cold, wet weather, she had been exposed to its inclemency, had taken cold, pneumonia developed and she had succumbed. Her last words were a message to her betrothed that "their union was not the will of the great Father, who was taking her to His own home, there to celebrate celestial nuptials. He had other designs, a nobler plan to fulfil."

When the chief had finished speaking, Adrien re-

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BEACH AT MANDEVILLE.

BAYOU.

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mained silent as one dazed. He felt that he was helpless in the hands of God, and, pressing the hand of Oushola's father, he went on toward Mandeville and New Orleans. When he reached home he did not wish to meet any member of the family until he could by great efforts bring himself back to a normal state of existence. Alone he could think, he could pray, and he knew that God never refuses His grace to those who humbly implore its succor.

Adrien now closed another volume of his life, and with firm confidence in his Maker, resolved to await an indication of His will before he would attempt to trace out the opening lines of a new career.

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CHAPTER VI.

DRIFTING.

Past experience had produced a noticeable difference in the Rouquette household when Adrien once more became an inmate. There was now no attempt to force him into society, a marked reticence was perceptible in any conversation with him, or even in his presence, born, no doubt, of the fear that some unguarded suggestion might cause him to flee again from home to the woodlands. Still, minds were busy and pre-occupied, and to all, except Adrien, the question seemed to present itself: "What of the future?" Adrien was drifting. He still felt saddened by the untimely end of Oushola, that sweet flower of the forest. He had then made out the plans of his life, but the All-wise Guardian of men's destinies had not approved and had cancelled them all. And now, as a child sits ruefully gazing upon the castle of cards, demolished by the Summer breeze, so Adrien remained gloomily contemplating what "might have been." He heeded not that a future was awaiting him. His mother knew but too well what result she desired. Up to the present her son's life had been a vertitable "cup of Tantatlus" for her—and yet, even now, she dared to dream once more, that her longed-for hopes be realized. Her ardent spirit chafed at the restraint she imposed upon herself, and as the days went on, and Summer gave place to the beautiful Autumn-

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tide, she saw that Adrien was slowly losing his gloom and regaining his old natural self. She determined that the silence must be broken and one more effort made to induce him to lay aside those useless reveries and day-dreams, to think of the activities of a useful, honorable life. Instead of losing his time she would urge him to exercise that energy of soul which she had bequeathed to him more fully than to any of her other children. It was latent now and would soon prove his worth should she be able to persuade him to embrace some profession, some life-work which one day would register his name among the celebrities of his country.

Madame Rouquette resolved to speak to her son as soon as she felt that a suitable occasion presented itself. Before the decisive period arrived she made a fervent novena, imploring the light and grace of the Holy Spirit to direct her words and to prepare Adrien not only to receive them well, but to follow their counsel. At the close of the novena, after earnest supplication, Madame Rouquette awaited what seemed a favorable opportunity.

She had eagerly watched the buoyancy of youth assert itself, more and more, and was on the *"qui vive"* for the long-sought propitious hour. It came at last. Towards sunset, after one of our most perfect October days rivaling Lowell's "rare" day of June, Adrien, after a day spent in reading, came down to dinner in high spirits, more ready than usual to talk and make himself agreeable. After the family left the table, he remarked: "What a fine evening for a walk!" Here was the opening, and with

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ready tact his mother replied, suggesting that they enjoy a stroll along the banks of the Bayou. She rose as she spoke, and, throwing a light shawl over her head, took her son's arm and they went out.

The intimate communing, the interchange of thought between mother and son can only be surmised, their guardian angel alone having recorded the earnest pleading of the maternal heart, and the yielding of filial affection and obedience. They remained out a long time, walking slowly up and down, far too intent upon the subject under discussion to pay much heed to the beauties of Nature. Ever and anon they would pause, standing face to face, Madame Rouquette, speaking earnestly, would gaze beseechingly into the countenance of Adrien, would take his hand, or place hers upon his arm, and then the walk would be resumed.

Just as the stars began to twinkle in the firmament and the lights to glow from the windows, the mother and son entered the home, each retiring at once to the privacy required, by one for thanksgiving; by the other for quiet reflection in order to gain equilibrium of mind which had long been unstable. Yet Adrien had not pledged himself to anything definite, beyond giving up his present aimless existence and embarking for Europe to let Parisian life and friends once more influence him, and no doubt help him to decide his ultimate vocation.

Several weeks must pass before the period set for his departure, and Madame Rouquette, with a woman's keen perception and intuition, felt that she could still do more

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to fix her son's will in the selection of a particular profession. A few days after her first memorable victory over inanition, she adroitly brought Adrien to introduce the projected trip to France. Naturally relatives and friends were loquacious on the subject, and numberless questions were flung hither and thither as to the object of the voyage.

Adrien hardly knew what to answer, and finally, under the persuasive influence of his mother, who wisely used the most trivial circumstance to make him settle upon a real tangible object, he was induced to form the definite plan of going to Paris in order to study law.

There had, perhaps, been no happier day in Madame Rouquette's life than when she concluded this conquest. Though filled with jubilation, she was careful not to let her son suspect that the design was other than his own.

Looking back over a lapse of more than fifty years, one is almost surprised that a mother should not have known better the character and inclinations of her child. But she was dazzled by the brilliance of her own dream of glory, and being of a strong mould, felt that she could bend all to conform to her will. Then, too, she knew less of her son's character than she fancied. The greater part of his life having been spent far from home, accounted for this ignorance. Otherwise she would have felt instinctively that such a lover of Nature could never become a successful man of law, "wherein," as Adrien used to say: "All is but a weary pell-mell of contradictions and chicaneries." But this is an anticipation.

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The farewells were said again, and Adrien, with feelings unlike any before experienced, found himself once more on deck, watching the last glimpse of the old familiar scenes disappear from view. He was no longer a boy, and was soon conjecturing on the new life awaiting him in Paris, wondering—not at all certain—whether his mother's desires could ever be realized. He sounded his own inclinations and found little encouragement in the pursuance of the profession he was going to embrace. Still he had promised to apply himself to the distasteful task, and now there must be no shrinking. The long voyage helped to fix his resolve. When Paris was reached Adrien at once set about beginning his new course of studies. He found the dry technicalities of the pondrous law books very untempting to a literary appetite heretofore nourished by the choicest selections of prose and verse, brilliant and beautiful. He did not take to his new task very graciously.

Fortunately for Adrien the tribune and the bar offered exceptional attractions, possessing several eminent and distinguished orators. The duty of attending the Chamber of Deputies and the Palace of Justice was made very often an excuse for negligence in study. France has given to many of her children this great gift of eloquence, but seldom has she assembled so many as during this period of Adrien's stay in Paris, and they fascinated him and fairly held him spell-bound. Foremost in the ranks of these distinguished orators was Pierre Antoine Berrger. At the time of the Restoration he gained great celebrity by

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his defence of Marshal Ney, in union with his father and the elder Dupin. In 1830 his parliamentary speech in defence of the crown and the Polignac Ministry won the applause of all, and the remark of Roger Collard, "Behold, in Berrger there is a great power." His popularity was so great, even before this, that his friends purchased and presented him with the estate of Angerville, so that he might be elected to a constituency, and later, when forced to sell his property, as his political career demanded means he could not otherwise procure, both Legitimists and Republicans united to buy back and re-endow him with his sacrificed estate.

Berrger was a staunch Catholic and not the man to place his salvation in jeopardy for political interests. Having the courage of his convictions he was always the upholder of religious liberty. For a time he did not practice his religion, but God rewarded this champion of the Church and put him in touch with Father de Ravignan, S. J., and the saintly Jesuit had the supreme consolation of bringing back the celebrated orator to the pious exercises of his faith. Berrger had no human respect, and boasted that he made his Easter duties twice, once in Paris to show his colleagues of the Chamber that he gloried in his faith; and a second time at home, to set a good example to the simple dependents of Angerville. Besides his speeches from the Tribune, Berrger delivered a series of lectures during the Restoration to the elite of the literary world at the reunion of the "Societe des Bonnes Etudes," where such men as Montalambert and Lacordaire were unremitting in their attendance.

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There was something astounding in the power and eloquence, even after apparent inattention, with which Berrger could crush an opponent's argument. So attractive and so universally admired were his talents that the actress, Rachel, used to sigh: "If I could only act as Mr. Berrger can speak!" This eulogy was as cordially admitted also by his opponents—one of whom, Mr. Jules Favre, referred to him as "My sublime adversary."

There is no doubt that Berrger will ever be looked upon as the Prince of the French Tribune. None greater than he could have been found as a model of oratory; but Adrien was also privileged to meet the famous Charles Jacques Dupont de l' Eure, whose popularity elected him term after term, from 1814 to 1848.

The most interesting event connected with his attendance at the Palais de Justice was the trial in which Chaix d'Este-Anger, so famous in criminal cases, and the most distinguished pleader at the French Bar, was engaged by the government to sustain the suppression of Victor Hugo's famous drama, "Le Roi s'amuse," in which Francis I. is vilified and his fool Triboulet supports the role of a hero. The opponents were the author himself and the all-too-famous Odilon Barrot.

To mention this name recalls another type and a varied and stormy career. Son of a Revolutionist, Camille, Hyacinth Odilon Barrot in turn helped to bring on the Revolution of 1830, and then as strenuously opposed the formation of a republic as he fought against the restoration or the Bourbons. He also opposed hereditary peer-

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age, and even went so far as to assume the responsibility of the seige of Rome in 1849. Adrien could never admire M. Barrot; in fact he was so little drawn to the man that he could hardly do justice to his capabilities.

These are a few of the famous orators whom Adrien studied in action. To most of whom he listened enthusiastically and from whom he learned so much of that fire which later in his life drew such immense crowds to the old St. Louis Cathedral to hear him preach.

So time passed agreeably when spent in listening to others, but it was not so pleasant to return to musty old volumes of the law desk—and Adrien gradually became more and more lax in his studies, and when affairs were dull in the tribune he found here and there friends and acquaintances, those seekers after the "dolce far niente," always to be found by one who needs but the invitation to join their ranks—and after a time Adrien left duty behind and relinquished the last vestige of right to wear one day the insignia of a Solon.

Paris is not exactly the home for a young man who thus sets aside the serious preparation for his life-work to seek idle amusement, if the liberty of the children of God is to be retained.

Seductions of all kinds beset his path, and only too much like the poor moth, he circles ever nearer and nearer that brilliant flame and was drawn further and deeper into that vortex of pleasure and gayety, at first seemingly innocent, but ever leading the victim on to the gratification of the ceaseless demands of the senses, until he is a prey to the devouring vulture of pleasure.

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Months passed in this kind of life, but Adrien was not happy. He had never experienced a phase similar. On the contrary, all his life, anything vicious had been repulsive and filled him with loathing. So conscience could not long remain dormant under the effects of those sweet draughts with which dissipation sought to reduce her to silence. The Heavenly Father was still watching from above over this soul whom He had looked upon and loved, and while allowing him to become acquainted with evils of society, was to bring him forth a humble man, more distrustful of self, and with a knowledge of the frailty of poor human nature essential to the physician of souls, if he would support the bruised reed and not break it, if he would fan the dying flame and not extinguish the smoking flax.

Besides the voice of conscience, God was preparing another and most efficacious means to rouse Adrien and enable him to shake off the trammels of the present unhappy life.

The gayeties of the carnival season were still in progress when Mgr. de Quelin issued the announcement that the pulpit of Notre Dame, left vacant by the departure of Father Lacordaire, would be filled by Father de Ravignan, S. J. The eloquent Dominican had effected a great revolution in Sacred oratory. Hitherto the style of Bossuet, of Bourdalone and of Masillon had served every one and everywhere. Lacordaire realized that the age, the tendencies and the audience, now cosmopolitan, required something different. Hence he laid aside the old usage and introduced a reform of style and method.

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To say that he achieved success does not express the result of his splendid series of conferences. Paris was fairly electrified by this new "Chrysostom," and each succeeding year added to his prestige. In 1836, the now famous orator went to Rome, and the vacant throne of eloquence was given to the already eminent Jesuit.

To note that the Conferences of Notre Dame maintained their former popularity and won the same appreciation is to learn that between the two distinguished preachers there was no question of superiority. Montalembert, himself an eloquent speaker, writes thus: "Father Lacordaire holds his audience spellbound, yet thrilling with enthusiastic appreciation as the lightning-like flashes of faith, humility and love send their bolts into the very depths of the most hardened and rebellious hearts.

Father de Ravignan moves and persuades as much by the charm as by the authority and masterly power of his eloquence. He restores light to the darkened intelligence and purifies the soul from all stain, while his majestic style exercises an empire bound to draw all who can approach him, to listen enraptured to his incomparable exposition of God's truth so logically and powerfully manifested, that it is impossible to resist his influence."

Father de Ravignan was not unknown in Paris; a series of Lenten sermons given at Aimens in 1831 had established his fame, and a fine discourse given in Paris in 1836 had attracted the attention of all, so when the Conferences of 1837 began, there was not even standing room for the immense crowds who thronged the entrance to Notre Dame.

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Adrien was naturally much interested in oratory and was foremost among the fortunate ones who secured favorable places for the first sermon.

That first discourse was but the prelude, and none was more assiduous in his attendance than the young American, and may our partiality be pardoned if we say, few minds were more capable of appreciating the lofty, the sublime, the convincing truths so ably presented. A new life had dawned for Adrien, he turned his back upon the pleasures which had recently absorbed his better self, and finding him no longer so inclined, his comrades left him in peace. His love of history, of science, and of art, was suddenly but metamorphosed, and he now looked at all things from a new standpoint.

Father de Ravignan's first Conference, "L' Etat des Esprits" had opened new vistas—and he now saw the world through the eyes of real Catholicity. Adrien's mind loved to be absorbed in some pursuit it deemed important, so now all his thoughts were coursing in a new channel, and the vapid and noisome amusements of his idle hours were transformed into a thirst for an intimate knowledge of the Church, of her history, her teachings, her influence, her inner life.

This thirst he sought to quench by employing the time between the Conferences in the libraries, studying the various subjects treated by the learned orator. Paganism, the Mosaic system, the schools of philosophy, and so on through the whole series of 1837.

The Lenten season sped away, and yet his task was but

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begun, so month succeeded month, and Adrien was still deeply interested, and unremittingly occupied. He was laying up a store of rich treasures for his after-life, and becoming daily better fitted for the next step in his career, that of an author.

Meanwhile he had written to his mother of the abandonment of a legal profession and yet had said nothing of his new work. It is easy to imagine how anxious his family were, when they thought of his being adrift in Paris. Letter succeeded letter urging him to come home, so finally he decided that he would, thinking that he could do as well there as abroad, pursue the course of study he had undertaken. The only delay he proposed was sufficient time to collect all the books necessary to aid him in his work. This did not consume much time, so he was soon en route for New Orleans.

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CHAPTER VII.

LITERARY BLOSSOMS.

During a brief period, after reaching home, Adrien Rouquette applied so seriously to the studies he had begun, that one could have fancied him to be some antique recluse of the Middle Ages, turning night into day in untiring search for the philosopher's stone, or that magic secret of alchemy, by which the purest gold might be produced.

But the incentive to perseverance was lacking, and after a while, when the old longing would come over him, when a whiff of pine-scented air from Bayou Lacombe invited him to taste once more that "Pleasure of the pathless woods, that society where none intrudes," he could not resist. Packing a few books into a portmanteau, he would simply disappear without any warning to his family or friends. His habits became so quixotic that all endeavors to make him "like unto other folks" were relinquished as useless.

And so time went on till 1842, when he surprised every one by announcing his intention of going to Europe again. Friends shrugged their shoulders; few questions were asked, and to those few no satisfactory answer given. The genius that had lain dormant so long was awakened and demanded a sphere of exercise. Adrien had seen enough of the world to mature his mind, he had made good classi-

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cal studies, had devoted much time to Belles-lettres, and in fine was really fitted for the project in contemplation. He had conceived the desire to test his powers by an attempt at literary work, thinking his destiny might be in an author's career. With the aspiration came the suggestion to go back to the genial sunshine of the French capital, that atmosphere so fostering to budding genius. His thought was speedily executed, and soon he was settled in Paris, hard at work.

The first production of his new endeavor had its birthplace in the forest home he had always loved. Chapter by chapter it had evolved from his mind as he roved through the woods and over the plains. He had thought it all over, again and again, and now this early love ripened into the first fruit of his pen, "Les Savannes."

Who better than Adrien Rouquette could describe our Louisiana forests, with their ancient bearded oaks, with their majestic pines and feathery cypress, with their multi-colored and many voiced singers, with their stately deer and other denizens of the woods? Every aspect of it all he knew so well. "Les Savannes" was but the overflow and outpouring of his heart's affection.

As soon as the work was finished he sent the manuscript to a publisher with urgent orders to hasten the completion. The very first copies gotten out were sent immediately to the best authorities for criticism, having resolved either to pursue or abandon his proposed profession according to the reception met by his maiden effort.

He had not long to wait, for only a few days had

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elapsed, when a veritable shower of congratulations poured in upon him.

And when we learn that such names as Saint Beuve, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Emil Deschamps and Barthelemy were among the first to applaud the young author, it must needs be granted that he merited the praise.

They not only lauded his work, but encouraged him to give the world more of the same kind.

"Daus votre style," wrote one. *"Il y a bean coup de ressemblance avec nos plus grands ecrivains." "Vous avez le genre de nos grande maitres de la litterature,"* wrote another. Brizean, that sweet-voiced singer of Brittany, whose poems will ever be loved by every true child of France, and by all who are worshippers at the shrine of Nature, wrote most enthusiastically to Adrien, calling him the "second Ossian," *"Ossian le Jeune."*

There was one among all these letters of felicitation which exercised quite an influence over the young author.

Thomas Moore read "Les Savannes," and was at once curious to know something of this young American writer. Inquiries from friends in Paris aroused even greater interest.

Moore entertained no love for America or Americans, but was honest in expressing his appreciation of Adrien's ability. Perhaps it was the similarity, or rather a coincidence in their opening manhood that evoked a certain fellow-feeling, for Moore also had studied for the bar and then abandoned that career for literature. Just about this time the old poet had completed a new collection of

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his own works, adding prefaces to many, and thus the reminiscences of his early life and entrance into the world of letters, excited sympathy for this budding genius of our Southwest, a sentiment which perhaps would not have been called forth under other than his present circumstances. His own fireside had been saddened by the successive deaths of most of the members of his family, and he realized that his own lonely life was nearing its close. He felt attracted to a young writer who seemed ready to step into the place he would probably soon leave vacant.

Moore followed the dictates of his generous heart, and sent a warm letter of encouragement and appreciation of Mr. Rouquette's first work, which he declared, "breathed forth the perfume of the forest flowers." So one more precious commendation was added to the now weighty number. Moore did not hesitate to give Adrien the title of "Lamartine of America," and he urged the promising young author not to leave his pen idle.

Mr. Rouquette was touched by the old poet's interest, and was inspired to render a tribute of gratitude by writing in English those beautiful lyrics, "Wild Flowers," which were received enthusiastically everywhere, at home and abroad.

Such success spurred on the author to give as soon as possible to the press another work: "La Thebaide en Amerique." This is a wonderful composition, overflowing with the most sublime thoughts which tell us that the writer had the soul of a mystic. The language is at once eloquent and picturesque. The sequel, 'L'Antoniade,"

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sustained the lofty style of the "Thebaide," and was acknowledged by the critics as a poem which could challenge the pen of Laprade.

By these works Adrien had conquered a permanent glory, and though above petty vanity, felt a reasonable glow of pride that he had not only found a profession in harmony with his tastes, but that he had achieved success. Once launched into the literary career, he never really gave it up, and later on his life-work was too engrossing to allow him to devote all his energies to literature, still he never ceased to publish sketches, prose and verse, on a variety of subjects.

It would certainly be desirable to mention Mr. Rouquette's works in chronological order, with the setting or background of the circumstances connected with their production, but in this brief sketch of the author's life they must be grouped together, regardless of their period of presentation to the public and with the sacrifice of extended description and analysis.

With Adrien's literary position so firmly established in Europe, it is needless to say that laurels awaited him at home. The clouds had drifted away and his family longed to have him return that they might enjoy the sunshine of his popularity and renown. Again and again he was petitioned to return to America, and finally in 1843 he returned to Louisiana.

We will leave him to the enjoyment of a cordial welcome, while we glance toward a sphere of labor which he was to render beneficent for many years.

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Abbe Perche, chaplain of the Ursuline Convent, and later Archbishop of New Orleans, had always held the Press to be so important a factor in procuring for his fellow-citizens instruction, and explaining away the errors of the people, that he used his greatest endeavors to aid good Catholic journalism. For years he worked to raise to its highest excellence the paper known as the "Propagateur Catholique." He was indefatigable in his efforts to secure good writers and to contribute articles himself, for he was an able and learned author; in fine, to leave no stone unturned to develop and improve the paper. For a long time it was the sole Catholic organ in the diocese, and the good Abbe wishes to make it so good that all would wish to subscribe. It was published weekly in French and in English. We can understand how Abbe Perche must have dreamed of the good fortune coming to him when he heard that Mr. Rouquette, whose brilliant, scholarly writings in both languages, made him so fit for colaboration in the Propagateur, was coming home to New Orleans.

Not much solicitation was required to gain his services, and the Abbe's dreams were realized. The paper rose at once into greater esteem and was deemed a great acquisition in every Catholic home. So now we will glean from among the old files of the "Propagateur" two specimens at least, which illustrate Mr. Rouquette's ability and versatility.

In 1880, Mr. Parnell made a tour of the United States, soliciting contributions in favor of Ireland's poor. He

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made many addresses, aroused great interest in the "Home Rule" question, and excited the sympathies of all Irish-Americans. All over the country Irish leagues were formed, Hibernia societies organized, and that year St. Patrick's day was celebrated with greater pomp than ever. Processions wearing "the green" marched throughout the cities of the land. Loyal Catholics could not forget that Parnell had called them "cowardly Papist rats," yet they gladly gave him aid for their suffering brothers. Mr. Rouquette readily responded to the exciting theme, espoused the cause of the Isle of Saints, and wrote the poem:

TO IRELAND.

"Sweet virgin land! Untouched by foreign taints,
Bright Emerald resting on the azure brine,
Be fadeless glory thine!
Oh Erin green! Hibernia, dearest home
And fairest, save the heavenly one above.
How shines thy faith! How burns thy love divine!
And what unbounded praise should not be thine
Oh! famed Hibernia! Erin, Shamrock Isle!
That naught could ere from thee, thy faith beguile.
Through countless trials even unto death,
Thy persecuted sons, pilgrims of faith,
Knight errants of Apostleship are seen
Untired to hold aloft thy banner green
Waving anear the cross, in every clime,
I hail thee, chosen race, sadly sublime!"

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Our next selection is in prose, and a very good illustration of Mr. Rouquette's vivid word-pictures. It was published in June, 1883.

This is a contrast between two bridal ceremonies, one in the city, attended with pomp and fashion; the other in a humble Indian village. Both are from real life. This article was written in French:

"Last Thursday a grand wedding took place in the old St. Louis Cathedral. The Mayor, the City Council, the eminent gentlemen of the bar, the most distinguished of our citizens, the very flower of our population, both Creole and American, were there united in a greater multitude than ever before gathered in the vast edifice, to witness the ceremony.

"Pompous decorations, with unprecedented splendor, transformed the majestic Cathedral into a fairy palace, and when the grand organ pealed forth its floods of magic harmony the very walls seemed to pulsate with emotion, while the immense assembly, in intense sympathy, seemed to have but one soul, which throbbed in unison with the melody. There, illumined by the glow of a thousand waxen tapers, breathing music in the incense-laden air, Spain and France, Philadelphia and New Orleans, rejoiced together at a spectacle as touching as it was imposing. The toga and the sword, the ermine and the helmet, mingled with a legitimate pride their nobility and their glory. An officer of France, nephew of Mgr. Dupanloup, M. Henri Farjas, and M'lle. Alzire Bermudez, the accomplished daughter of the Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, received

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the Nuptial Benediction from our venerated Archbishop, who called down upon the young couple all the blessings of Heaven.

"May this fair flower of Louisiana bloom into fuller beauty beneath the sunny sky of France, whither the valiant chevalier is to shelter her with loving care.

"May she be happy herself, and make others happy in the land of exile which will often remind her of her native land, in which the language of Corneille, of Lamartine and of Chateaubriand is still spoken by the descendants of the French emigrées.

"In the midst of this beautiful assembly a poet murmured to himself:

"Si j'avais de Chateaubriand
La plume ardent et poetique
Avec un accent sympathique
Et dans un rhythme eblouissant.
Emu, ravi, comme poete,
Semant a pleines mains des fleurs,
Ah! je dirais tous les bonheurs
Et tout l'eclat de cette fete;
Mais fasciné par tant d'attraits,
Je sens—j'admire, et je me tais."

"The splendid ceremony described above recalls a scene I witnessed a few days previous near the few scattered cottages which have the name of Bayou Lacombe village. A marriage was to take place among the Indians. The

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natives of the two villages of Madisonville and Buchawa were camped in a forest of oaks and pines on either side of the Ravine Dorée, so called because the limpid waters of the bayou flowed over a bed of yellow sands as golden-hued as those of the ancient Pactolus.

"The young maiden who was affianced belonged to Madisonville, her betrothed to Buchawa. All the inhabitants were witnesses and were to take an active part in the ceremony.

"Those of the maiden's village were to defend and protect her when the opposite party came to carry her off. The maidens of the other village were to accompany the young brave and aid him to obtain possession of his bride.

"At a given signal the maiden left her cabin, her eyes modestly cast down, trembling and pale. At the same instant the betrothed left his cabin and advanced slowly toward the maiden. When within a few steps from her he made a movement as though to seize her, but more quickly than the deer she fled toward the forest, accompanied by all of her friends and pursued by her betrothed and his comrades. When at last overtaken and seized by her future husband both the men and the women of the village used every means to release her, and as soon as she was freed the same chase recommenced without delay for rest. The two crowds wound in and out among the trees, and at times in the struggle the maiden was almost suffocated. Then some strong arm separated the living wall and she darted forth again. This continued until she fell exhausted with fatigue and emotion—her hair dishevelled,

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her garments soiled and torn, herself the picture of a victim going to immolation—fear and terror depicted in her countenance.

"But whence this fear, this pallor. Is it only a part she has to play? No. Every ceremony of these primitive people hides a profound and instructive significance. This child of the forest really fears to change her condition from maiden liberty to wedded thralldom. Perhaps she had seen the regret and sadness of her own mother. Perhaps, during the long dark hours of the night, she had heard this mother weeping.

"She knew what her past had been, but was ignorant of what the future held in store. Hence her soul was troubled, her heart agitated, her senses disturbed. No, the fear was not feigned; and often, on such occasions, have we seen the tears flow from the anxious dark eyes of the trembling maiden.

"After a while the elders told her to calm herself, and, when she had regained self-possession she rose and, going to a blanket spread near by, there seated herself, while the two oldest Indians, one of each side, came forward and held over her head a stick upon which each Indian in turn placed a gift. These wedding presents consist chiefly of calico, ribbons, bead necklaces and other ornaments.

"This ceremony concluded, the maiden and brave were each conducted to their cabins, to be decked with all the richest garments they possessed. When attired they received the felicitations of their friends and their good wishes. The women say to the bride: 'May corn and meat

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always be abundant in your cabin.' 'May you never want for sugar or coffee.' 'May the owl never sing upon the roof that shelters you,' and so on. Then follow compliments. 'You are beautiful,' says one; 'You are good,' says another, or 'You are wise,' and the bride listens with a graceful, though sad, smile which some poet has likened to 'the twilight of autumn.'

"Meanwhile the young brave has also received the felicitations of the men, old and young. 'May you be happy with your wife,' says the first; 'May you be good to her,' adds a second, and a third says, 'May the chase keep your cabin supplied with the flesh of the bear and the deer.' A fourth hopes that 'the voices of many children may render his life full of consolation.'

"He, too, must be told that he is brave, agile, generous and strong. He listens with a cold gravity illumined by a smile that reminds one of the reflection from a glacier.

"When these ceremonies ended the banqueting began, to continue for three days and nights, making the forest resound with their revelry.

"Three weeks ago the young brave, Louis Shimpa, son of Ansht-abé and Pishtia, accompanied by his bride, Madeline Abet-Ima, daughter of Malint-Abé and Ayima, came to ask for Baptism and the blessing of their contracted marriage according to the customs of their tribe. About thirty Choctaws came with them, and the day was a grand feast for all. Even nature seemed to rejoice. The birds sang, the opening flowers wafted their perfume on the breeze, and one heard throughout the forest a sweet

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concert of harmonies repeated by the distant echoes of the mysterious depths of that grand sanctuary of solitude."

* * * * * *

Let us now turn to a work which must have been a source of keenest delight to Mr. Rouquette—the English poem which appeared in the same journal as the above selections, but which, on account of its superior dramatic and lyric qualities, deserves to be printed separately and sent abroad over the world wherever the English language is understood.

Catherine Tegahwitha, the saintly Indian maiden of Caughnawaga, ever commanded the sincerest devotion and veneration of Adrien Rouquette. Her life was a subject which lay very close to his heart, and even in the last hours of his life the mere mention of this "Lily of the Mohawks" would bring a smile and unwonted animation into his wan features.

The following quotation from the poem, "Catherine Tegahgouita," is a lyric in praise of our Southern songbird, the rival of the nightingale. Whenever Adrien Rouquette heard a mocking-bird he seemed spellbound, silent, motionless, drinking in every note of the melody. The poem tells us this:

Wondrous songster, many-voiced,
Whose music has so oft rejoiced
And charmed the gardens decked with blooms,
That shed profuse such sweet perfumes.
Gardens less brilliant than thy notes
That seem to gush from thousand throats,

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To bloom and shine in colored tones
Like flowers, like pearls, like precious stones,
To flash in quick, vibrating rays,
To sparkle, dazzle, glow and blaze
With all the richest, warmest hues
That love inspires and light imbrues.
Light is color and light is sound,
And sound and colors correspond.
And figures, forms, express in lines
Of notes and hues the vague confines.
Sounds, colors, figures, forms, diverse,
Yet one as in the universe,
Reflected and reflecting all,
Till all are lost in One Original.
For all are but created signs
Of God's ideal, first designs,
And all ascending must return
To the great Type whence all are born.
The varied to Simplicity,
All numbers to the Unity!
Thy varied strains, O minstrel bird!
Oft, gazing, wond'ring crowds have heard,
Heard in their wild variety
And yet their sternest unity.
Thou canst all others imitate,
All others matching emulate,
And yet thou art thyself unmatched.
Thy magic none has ever snatched,
And none the bays shall win from thee,

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Thou art a living melody
The soul of music breathing forth
Is echoed through thy voice on earth.
—There is a world still undefined,
Such heights, and depths, of soul and mind
Thoughts innermost, so delicate,
So simple, yet so intricate,
That they can find expression meet,
But, in faint colors or notes fleet.
This world—thou couldst, O Artist, weird,
O ghostly singer, spirit bird!
Thou couldst embody and impress
With twilight tinge of dreaminess,
With softest tints and highest shades,
That fancy blends and love pervades,
And yet thy notes are warm and bright,
Thy notes are dipped in vivid light.
Thou art impulsive,—almost rash,
And fierce in thy unbounded dash,
Sweeping betwixt the two extremes
From the bald eagle's savage screams,
To the sweet throstle's warblings faint,
Or the dove's tender, cooing plaint.
—O Virtuoso! whose wild sway,
Whose compass vast and boundless range,
Whose stretch of voice surpassing strange
Some seem to doubt. Thou hast no peer
No match in either hemisphere.
Unrivalled in thy lyric strain,

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All own thy undisputed reign,
All greet with an applauding roar
In which is drowned thy tuneful lore.
O, poet of the South! All hail!
As victor of the nightingale."

Mr. Rouquette called this wondrous singer of the Southern forest "The Shakespeare of Music, the Beethoven of the Forest, the Mezzofanti of Melody." The Indians called the mocker "The singer of three hundred languages, 'Kone Konetlatollis."

Something would be wanting to the picture of the poet's love of the mocking-bird were the quaint little poem in the old negro French of his childhood to be omitted.

His application to the purest French never obliterated from his memory either the negro dialect or the many-voweled language of the Chahta Indians.

"MOKEUR SHANTEUR."

Kashé dan la barb Espagnol
  Ki sa ki apé shanté la?
Mo konnen sé pa rossignol
  Kouté so la voi! Ki si la?

Ah! Sila ki apé shanté
  Si la ki gagnin in la voi
Ki tou mouni s'ré kapab couté
  Jourka ye mouri fin dan boi.

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Sila, sé zozo, ki sorcié
  Kouté, kouté so la musik
Kouté li—koute li—La pé
  Di nous: "Kiliklik! Kiliklik!"

Kouté! Kouté! dou sorcié la
  Kouté begin sa lá pé di nou.
La pé di nou: "Wawa! Wawa!
  La pé di nou: "Hibou! Hibou!"

Kouté pandan la nuit trankil
  Kouté sou sa lá pé—di nou
Kouté, lá pé di: "Whip-pour-wil!"
  Lá pé pélé: "Kolin-forou!"

Kouté li! Shangé so la voi
  L'a pé shanté Kom tou zozo,
Kom tou sa ki chanté dans boi,
  Kom narb, Kom devan, Kom dolo.

Li si gran mète, li si sorcié
  Tou sila ye ki tandé li
Ye resté la, ye tou 'blié
  Ye s'ré kouté jouka mouri.

Ga, li dans siel a pé valsé
  So la voi apé rane li sou,
Li pli konen sa la pé fé!
  Li pli konen aryin—li fou!

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Ah! Mokeur! Ah! Mokeur shanteur!
Ah! Ah! To gagnin giab dan kor.
To gagnin tro l'esprit, mokeur,
Mai chanté! Ma kouté enkor.

The above might be rendered somewhat as follows:

THE MOCKING SINGER.

Hidden away in the Spanish beard
(That hangs from the limbs of the forest-trees),
Who is the singer there?
I know it is not the nightingale.
Listen to his song! Who is there?

Ah! He who is singing thus,
To one possessing such a wondrous voice
That all the world would gladly listen
Until death from hunger would overtake them in the woods.

That is a bird which may be called a sorcerer
Listen! Listen to his music!
Listen to him! Listen to him!
He says to us: "Kiliklik! Kiliklik!"

Listen! listen to that sweet sorcerer!
Listen well to what he is telling us.
He says to us: "Wawa! Wawa!"
He says to us: "Hibou! Hibou!"

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Listen during the tranquil night,
  Listen to all that he is telling us;
Listen as he says: "Whippoorwill!"
  He is calling: "Kolin-forou!" (i e., all the birds of the forest).

Listen! how he changes his voice!
  He has sung as all the other birds,
As all which have ever sung in the woods,
  As the trees, as the winds, as the waters.

He is such a grand master, such a sorcerer,
  That all who hear his voice
Are spell-bound and forgetful.
  They would listen, listen until death.

Now see him waltzing in the sky!
  He is dazed with his own song!
He knows not what he is doing;
  He is wild—reeling with joy!

A mocking-bird—a mocking-bird!
  Ah! an evil spirit now is thine!
Thou are drawing out my soul;—
  But sing to me. I listen now again.

One more work of Mr. Rouquette must be mentioned before leaving the subject of his literary productions; but it deserves a chapter apart, being, in its rich beauty, like the glowing sunset that follows a clear summer day.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A LOOK AHEAD.

Mr. Rouquette was growing old; his pen had lain idle for so long that his friends all thought the muse had deserted him, when suddenly his talents had a re-awakening in a work truly admirable—"his great work," as a distinguished English journalist said—a work which elicited the acclamations of the most eminent writers.

More than sixty years of age, Mr. Rouquette writes with the fire and brilliancy of his youth. "La Nouvelle Atala" was written in French, and is an idyl, so fresh, so pure, so replete with truth and beauty and goodness that one scarce knows how to begin its description. The second part of the title, "The Child of Spirit," introduces the reader at once into a supernatural region, above the commonplace, very near to the heart of primitive nature, closely united to the God of Nature. Atala inhabits this region. To appreciate this poem in prose, one should take the book and wander off alone into the depths of the forest. There, with the heart attuned to harmonize with nature, in silence and solitude, the inner spirit of "La Nouvelle Atala" will permeate the soul.

The following is a brief summary of Mr. Rouquette's fascinating little legend, though, by reason of necessary brevity and the translation into English, it is shorn of the greater part of its wealth of beauty. * * *

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About the first of the nineteenth century a family of French origin dwelt on their plantation in the southern part of the United States, near a large city. Their secluded residence was hidden beyond groves of orange trees. Avenues of pecan and oak trees wearing the grey moss festoons and all the luxuriant growth of many tropical vines led to the large dwelling, with its broad verandas and comfortable, airy structure.

The family consisted of three members—the father, mother and an only child—a daughter. There were many negro slaves on the place, to till the soil, to tend the herds and flocks and to serve the master's household.

Mr. and Mrs. O—— had named their young daughter Atala, in memory of the heroine of Chateaubriand's novel, which they had read with unusual interest. They had sent the little Atala to be educated in a famous old convent of the city, and at the time the story opens she had just completed her studies and returned home.

In disposition, Atala was serious, reflective and without the slightest attraction for the ordinary pleasures and vanities of her sex and age. She preferred solitude, and was fond of seeking the most secluded nooks, where she could contemplate at leisure the wild beauties of the forest. The sight of a flower charmed her, the song of a bird thrilled her with emotion, the sighing of the breeze in the trees, the murmur of the waves, cast her into a reverie. In the open fields, beneath the majestic pines of the forest, her nostrils would quiver and her lungs expand to inhale the fresh scent from the wild prairies and woodlands.

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Her imagination, her heart, her spirit, her whole being was drawn by that mysterious genius who inhabits the immensity of the virgin solitudes.

She almost envied the Indians, who often visited her father's house to sell their baskets and aromatic herbs, and she loved to speak to the pure and innocent maidens of the desert. She would say to them: "You are so happy, while I am most miserable! Why was I not born in a reed cabin like unto yours? Then I could wander free in the great forest. Oh! I long to run away from the world of civilization and go with you far, far off into the woods!"

This was very puzzling to the simple savages, but they asked no questions, and Atala gave no further explanation.

All is wanting to a soul that lacks what it most desires. What are pleasures, riches, glory, celebrity? The soul is like an ocean into which all the rivers flow, but which they never fill. So thought Atala.

"Oh! Infinite Beauty! Oh! Ideal Perfection! When shall I possess Thee!" cried this child of the spirit, whose soul was captivated by the splendor of a celestial vision. Her parents understood nothing of this divine nostalgia which devoured Atala. Her father was engrossed in amassing wealth, and she cared nothing for riches; her mother was constantly in the exciting whirl of worldly amusements, and Atala despised them as vain and useless. She lived a life apart, confiding her secret longings to none save the faithful negro slave who was given to her as a present on her return from the convent.

Atala's health was frail, and with saddened hearts her parents beheld her grow daily more pale and fragile.

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They consulted the best physicians, but none could discover any malady. All, however, counseled change of air, exercise on foot and on horseback, and removal from habitual scenes. The family left at once for a distant country residence, and strove by every means to interest Atala in her new surroundings.

One day they all went out for a long walk in the forest. Atala seemed so pleased and so gay that her parents rejoiced to see her eagerly gathering flowers to make a bouquet, and singing low as she flitted here and there. They became absorbed in conversation, while she wandered further and further away. A mocking-bird perched on a tree nearby seemed singing to her alone. He watched her closely, and, as soon as she drew near the tree where he sang, would flit away to a more distant spot. Each time she followed him, attracted by the magic of his wondrous song, and ere long she was far away from her parents, in the mazy depths of the forest, where no path showed her how to return. In her endeavors to seek one she only went further away.

The parents waited some time for Atala's return, and then grew uneasy and began a long and fruitless search. At last, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, they returned home to get help. In another hour they returned with nighbors, who soon made the forest resound with their cries, with the ringing of bells and the firing of guns. Echoes alone responded.

Atala heard the noise, but was frightened and fled as fleet as a deer deeper and deeper into the solitudes, cross-

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ing once or twice little streamlets, until she reached a lake, and there rested. Night had come. The cries ceased, and silence and solitude took possession of the woods. Yet she was not afraid. She felt herself in safety, and, finding a mossy bank beneath a spreading oak, slept the peaceful sleep of youth and innocence in the Heavenly Father's care. Early in the morning she arose and offered herself to God, feeling His presence so very near; then she sought for berries, and thus satisfied her hunger. Ere long the same tumult as on the preceding eve was heard, but at a great distance, and again she was ready to hide, through fear—not knowing what wild men might be rousing the echoes of the forest.

This was repeated for several days, until her parents lost all hope of ever finding her alive, and so they returned to their old home disconsolate.

Atala grieved for the pain she knew they were suffering on her account; but a mysterious love for the solitude enchained her, and she felt that at last she was in the sanctuary her heart had sought so long in vain. It seemed to her that she was now in her proper sphere, and, selecting a sheltered spot, she began to construct a sort of rustic grotto of stones and green branches.

In this humble retreat she prepared her simple couch of leaves and moss. Her food was near at hand in abundant berries, wild fruit, and the crystal water of a small stream which ran into the lake.

From the very first day Atala felt a peculiar charm in this new life. She was never lonely, for the flowers, the

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birds, the trees, the stars, all spoke to her of the Creator. She loved them all and it seemed to her they reciprocated her affection. She called each spot, each object with a name of her own coining, thus forming a new vocabulary, a new language, even composing an alphabet containing many vowel sounds and only the necessary consonants. Her language reproduced the harmonies she heard in the many-voiced accents of nature. She would even listen to hear the flowers to bloom, and the rays of starlight quiver as they shot through the mellow air of evening, and played hide and seek with the moonbeams among the fleecy cloudlets in the sky. Atala had, as it were, become the echo of the voice of nature.

The visible symbolizes the invisible; the sensible the ideal; the intelligible, the Divine. So Atala saw God in all—and all, in God, putting everything into its proper place, and as order is beauty and harmony and unity, it is God manifested in His works. All creation has a mystical sense and speaks a divine language which we call poetry. Atala possessed this instinct, this gift, the knowledge of this mystical sense, therefore she was a poetess. All her thoughts were unwritten poems celebrating the love and beauty of God. Her soul was the sanctuary wherein burned this divine fire of love returned, and it was lofty, pure, exalted.

From the dawn of reason she had consecrated every fibre of her being to the Creator; without even understanding what she did, she had made the vow of virginity, although the secret was hidden in the depths of her soul.

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She had fostered every pious sentiment by a love of spiritual reading, and at first, in her wild-wood home, missed the companionship of her books; but soon she learned to read from the great book whereon God's finger has traced the characters and from which God spoke to her in the colors, the sounds, the figures and diverse forms of His works.

The open life of the forest soon developed the maiden into a woman and ere long, tall, majestic, her long black hair flowing free, her dark eyes reflecting the dim avenues of the sombre woods, with a glint of the sunshine and a gleam of the moonbeam, she might remind one of Marguerite de Montmorency, the Solitary of the Pyrenees, or rather, the imposing personification of the wild, the austere nature surrounding her.

In her wanderings she often met tribes of Indians, who called her the "White Savage," and often hunters returning from the chase would place beside her little hermitage game and the skins of wild beasts, dressed and ready to convert into apparel.

A young Indian maiden who was persecuted by her parents for having received Baptism, sought the retreat of Atala and received hospitality. They spoke not the same language, but were soon able to understand one another; and Atala taught her companion the language she had composed, without knowing that she was imitating St. Hildegard, who also composed a mystic language which she alone understood.

Atala had kept with care the dress she wore when

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lost, and was thus enabled to attend Mass in a little forest chapel. The saintly old priest, her confessor, alone knew her history. He gave her aid from time to time, but never revealed her secret. He thought her more like a religious than a sibyl.

The young Indian girl, who had become Atala's companion, had a brother who still loved his sister, and who always brought her a share of his game, so the two maidens never lacked food.

Atala, who so loved the birds that they would perch upon her head and sing while she worked and prayed, had also gained the affection of a gentle hind, which she named Palki or Fleetfoot, and the faithful animal gave her milk, fresh and pure. She had likewise won the fidelity of a magnificent deer hound, which one day pursued Palki even to the hermitage of her mistress. When the dog saw Atala kneeling motionless, her eyes raised to heaven, her arms extended, he stopped and then, as though charmed by some secret influence, crept close to the kneeling girl and lay down beside her. He never after left her. On account of a white spot on his forehead, Atala called him "Star."

Palki and Star guarded the repose of their mistress with a vigilance as sure as the grilles of the monastery afford the cloistered nuns.

The young Indian who shared Atala's solitude, built for herself a little hermitage near by on the border of Lake Okatta. Thus Lassima, or the "Flower of the Evening" dwelt beside her friend. Atala was very happy, but

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sometimes the remembrance of her childhood's home would come back to her mind, and she would wonder what her parents were doing, and whether they still grieved over her loss. Then she would sigh with the desire to see once more her own Rosalie, the confidant of her childish days.

One evening, when Atala was thus musing over the past, a shadow fell across the entrance of the grotto. Atala looked up and beheld Rosalie's welcome face. In an instant the slave was kneeling at her mistress' feet. At last Atala found her voice and the language of her childhood to ask news of her parents, and how Rosalie had found her.

"They are well," answered Rosalie, "and it is only by perseverance in seeking you that I am at last successful. Regarding the rest, ask me no more. Some day when the hour comes, I will reveal all."

So Atala asked no more questions. Rosalie had come to share the life of her mistress, so she at once constructed a shelter for herself, and having brought with her some seed and implements of cultivation, began a little garden in which she raised corn, potatoes and beans. The rich soil rendered the hundred fold, so there was plenty in the hermitage for the three solitaries.

Lassima, Atala's first companion, had a brother, as was mentioned before, who came to bring them game. His name was Issabé, or the "Killer of Deer," and when he saw Rosalie, the "daughter of the night," he wished to win her for his bride, and always counseled his sister to give the half of whatever he brought to Rosalie.

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Lassima smiled and asked if he had dreamed of a cradle swinging from the branch of an oak He answered not but pursued his suit. At first Rosalie refused to relinquish her maiden liberty, but when Issabé saved her from the charm of a rattlesnake, and when he promised to be baptised, she yielded consent.

Lassima was grieved to think that earthly love was stealing Issabé and Rosalie from the service of God. "Happy the virgin," she would exclaim, "who like Atala loves God alone and resembles the angels!" Then in an ecstasy of thanksgiving she would renew her own consecration.

About this time a new personage appeared and won the esteem and respect of the solitaries. European by birth, he came to America and begged to be admitted among the Indians as one of their tribe.

He had belonged to a noble Breton family, had exercised important functions in France and might have looked forward to a career of renown, but had abandoned home and country to become a savage and was known among the Indians as Hopoyouska, or "Wise Man."

Hopoyouska and Issabé had become friends, hunting together, sitting beside the same fire, and reposing beneath the same tree. Hopoyouska loved God with a love so intense that he hated evil and wickedness with a hatred that knows not how to spare. Hence he fled from France, the land of his love, because he could not see her ruled by a government which sought to banish God and His service, to abolish religion. Here in the virgin forest he could

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possess his God in profound peace and pure joy. For several years he had dwelt in the very forest which had given Atala a home, but had never addressed her, content to admire her from a distance.

One day when Hopoyouska was near the hermitage he ventured to speak to Atala. She received him kindly, and when he began to tell her the story of his life she listened with great sympathy. He recounted to her how he had come to dwell among the Indians, and that loved by a beautiful daughter of the tribe, had wedded her. Their union was blessed by the birth of a daughter, but alas! during his absence, enemies had come, destroyed his home and taken away his wife and child. The tale was so pathetic that as he spoke the tears fell from Atala's downcast eyes. At the conclusion of his narrative, he looked upon Atala exclaiming, "Thou, who art so beautiful, remindest me of my poor Pakanli, that ideal woman whom I so loved and have lost. Oh! Atala! If you are free to give yourself to another——"

He could say no more, for with a piercing shriek Atala fell senseless at his feet—horror and anguish depicted on her countenance.

The heavens grew dark, thunder rolled ominously on high and a bewildering flash of lightning struck a tall pine near by, sending a large section of splintered wood, burying it deeply in the ground at Hopoyouska's side.

Fear, terror, remorse, filled his soul. "Sacrilegious fool that I am! I have tried to rob the Almighty of His consecrated spouse!" And he fled from the spot which he felt that his presence polluted.

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Lassima and Rosalie had flown to Atala's assistance, and soon revived their holy companion. But the past interview was impressed upon her mind, and she did not cease weeping bitterly and crying aloud to her Heavenly Spouse. Oh! my God, where was Thy jealous love when this man dared to suggest to me, Thy promised bride, the thought of human marriage! Oh! how long is my exile? Would that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly to Thee, my treasure, my love! O would that my soul could break the chains that bind me to earth! O death! how slow thou art to come! O my best beloved! come, come and take me to Thee!

Atala was consumed by a divine nostalgia and the fragrance of immortality was just ready to be wafted from the flower that was drooping toward the tomb. As day succeeded day Atala grew weaker and more feeble. Her devoted friends saw she could not linger much longer separated from the union with the Heavenly Bridegroom. She was ripe for heaven.

At last Lassima and Rosalie realized that the end was very near, so they summoned Issabé and Hopoyouska. They came and brought with them the venerable Father Emmanuel, who administered to Atala all the rites of Holy Church for her departing children. After the ceremony Atala revived. Rosalie knew her strength could not last long, so she knelt beside the lowly couch, took the dying saint's hand, and said: "My dear Mistress, the hour has come for me to reveal what I promised you long ago when first I joined you in this solitude. Listen, this is

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the history. About fifty years ago was born an infant whom her parents named Pakanli, the Flower. At the age of twenty this maiden from the banks of the Houmikli in Alabama was given in marriage to the grand chief of the Seminoles. Pakanli had two children when the chief was killed in the war between the Indians and the white men. She had been a widow for two years, when she met and was beloved by a son of France, a noble Breton, who had come to dwell among the Indians, and he made her his bride. A daughter was born to them and in baptism received the name Marie.

One night, when the paleface was away hunting, an uncle of Pakanli came to execute vengeance upon her for having wedded an alien. He destroyed the cabin, and placing Pakanli and her infant behind him on his fleet war horse, rode rapidly away. They travelled for more than a week, and he left Pakanli and her child in a vast forest near a great city. She was skilful in weaving baskets, and sold her wares in the market place.

All went well until the terrible fever and cholera ravaged the city. Pakanli caught the infection and dragged her fainting steps to the home of a wealthy planter. He was as charitable as he was rich, and took her in, doing all in his power to nurse her to health. All was in vain. She died and left to her kind Samaritan the legacy of her little child. The planter and his wife were childless and they gladly adopted the little Marie. She was educated in the best convent of the great city, and then brought home to gladden the hearts of her parents. But the child, now a maiden, was not happy although all that was possible

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was done to render her life agreeable. Once, during an excursion into the forest, she became separated and was lost."

As Rosalie continued her story, Hopoyouska drew nearer, and knelt as near as possible to the dying virgin.

"This young girl, this mystic virgin, this spouse of Christ, who was called Atala by Mr. and Madame Oman, was not their child, but the daughter of Pakanli and the noble Frenchman who came from Brittany to live with and as the Indians of America." Rosalie paused and Hopoyouska, unable longer to control his emotion, cried out: "She is then my own daughter," and taking the hand of Atala kissed it reverently, while the hot tears streamed from his eyes.

Atala, half supported and partly by the strength given her from excitement, whispered faintly, but audibly: "What I have never understood in my life, I now comprehend at the hour of death. My God and my all, I am ready, receive my soul! It has never loved aught but Thee!" She fell back; her prayer was answered. Atala was dead. * * * * *

Such is the substance of the last great work of Mr. Rouquette. The legend was recounted to him by an aged Indian woman of a hundred and twenty-five years of age, who claimed to have known the various persons mentioned in the tale. Words of appreciation must be brief, though the subject tempts one to linger long over this pure and chaste Idyl of Louisiana.

The following quotation from eminent critics will suffice to establish the great merit of "La Nouvelle Atala."

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"Aside from the religious idea which permeates like a leaven the whole structure of the volume, "La Nouvelle Atala" offers a curious study from a purely literary point of view. It reflects the spirit of a life, a most unique and strange life, the life of a missionary so enamored with nature and with solitude, and of the simple, healthy existence of those who call him the "Black-Robe Father," that he has become as one of them as his Indian appellation teaches us. A priest whose temple is the forest, with the cloud-frescoed heaven for its roof; and for the aisles the pillared magnificence of the pines; whose God is the God of the Wilderness, the great Spirit overshadowing the desert—must be a man of high and holy aspirations.

Aside from its spiritual merits we may call attention to the work as a most remarkable and beautiful piece of writing, idyllic in sentiment, strong and brilliant in coloring, valuable as a unique example of romance, inspired by the personal experience of a life spent in the solitude of the wilderness."

From the pen of another we read: "Atala is written in most harmonious language, spontaneous, picturesque, colored, fresh, limpid, graceful, with all the effervescence of youth. The work is a resumé of the most diversified talent. The author has put his own soul and life into it. It is the cry of his heart. From the midst of a material world he conducts the soul up into the sublime regious of the ideal. But to understand and appreciate 'La Nouvelle Atala,' one must be pure of heart. Only the pure of heart see God."

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CHAPTER IX.

GOD'S HOUR.

As we saw in a preceding chapter, Adrien Rouquette returned to New Orleans in 1843. He was now in the full vigor of his manhood and had embraced what he deemed the career destined for him by Divine Providence. He had proved his capability as a writer, and the world had welcomed his works with applause.

Once settled at home in New Orleans, he resumed his literary labors, entering the broader field of journalism, soon to become one of Abbe Perche's most efficient co-workers.

Thus the future seemed mapped out to every one's satisfaction. But as the Prophet tells us of the Almighty's designs: "Your thoughts are not my thoughts," so in the secret arrangements of the Most High, a new epoch in Adrien Rouquette's life was at hand.

Before touching upon the coming event, so wonderful and so far reaching in its effects, a glance backward at the history of religious affairs in New Orleans is necessary.

We need not dwell upon the great work accomplished by Bishop Dubourg and his immediate successors, Bishops Rosati and de Neckere, but proceed directly to the great prelate who achieved what these had so nobly begun. In 1835, Bishop Blanc had been appointed to the onerous

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responsibilities of the See of New Orleans. His first object was to pursue the spiritual restoration begun by Bishop Dubourg. It was no sinecure that had fallen to his lot. There were difficulties and obstacles on all sides to be removed and smoothed over, and it was a labor demanding heroic patience, perseverance and humble self-sacrifice, and that not for a month, or two, but perhaps for years. Undaunted by the unpromising aspect in many circumstances, he resolutely set to work, strong in the might of God, set to work for the glory of God, and God blessed his labors. By degrees consolations came to cheer the Bishop. Religious orders were multiplied, their works flourished and it was with the keenest satisfaction that the venerable prelate saw vocations springing up from among his own flock. Nothing could have given him more genuine satisfaction, for was it not a proof that the Master was pleased with His shepherd and wished to manifest His appreciation, by inviting chosen souls to join His elect!

Bishop Blanc, therefore, determined to found a seminary. He chose the salubrious, secluded site in Assumption Parish on the banks of Bayou Lafourche, near the town of Plattenville. The inhabitants of that region were descendants of the old Spanish settlers and the French emigrées, who had retained their quiet, pious, peaceful habits with a love of culture and refinement, and were patrons of education, and above all devoted to their religion and pastors. The whole State could not have furnished a more favorable location, and from 1838, the year

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of the foundation, until 1855, when the Seminary was destroyed by fire, it was a veritable home of piety and ecclesiastical discipline under the able management of those renowned trainers of young levites, the Lazarists.

There was another reason why Bishop Blanc did not attach the Seminary to his own residence. For many years there had been a very sad state of affairs at the Cathedral. As far back as 1828 Leo XII had been obliged to condemn the mode of procedure of the lay trustees. Unfortunately this was not very effective, and the abuses continued to prosper until the trustees had actually usurped even the spiritual authority. In the time of Bishop Dubourg, when he returned from Rome, at the period when he secured the services of Mr. de Andreis and Mr. Rosati, his intention had been to fix his See in New Orleans and establish the Congregation of the Mission in that city. But there was so much opposition that he was forced to change his plans and settle in St. Louis.

Later, when some of the anti-clerical chiefs were out of the way, he was able to come to New Orleans. But the troubles were not ended yet. The trustees still governed the Cathedral. They were elected by the congregation, and in order to secure votes admitted to the church, on those occasions particularly, people of any or no denomination. So one need not be surprised to learn that at one time the president of the board of trustees was at the same time grand master of a Masonic lodge, and had gone so far as to attempt to erect a Masonic vault in the Cathedral cemetery.

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In 1842 a new outbreak of hostilities occurred. The trustees positively refused to allow Bishop Blanc or any priest appointed by him, the privilege of officiating in the church. This was the climax. The Bishop at once placed the church under an interdict. The trustees were furious, and determined to call in every weapon of the law to force the ecclesiastical authority to bend before their will. Litigation ensued and the battle continued in the courts almost a year—ending finally in 1843—and may it ever redound to the glory of Louisiana, by a complete victory for the discipline of the church.

Therefore in 1843, at the time of Adrien's return excitement and party spirit ran high. However, the Church was soon to issue from the conflict stronger, more powerful, and more flourishing than ever. It was a critical moment. There must be union of forces to combat error and re-establish right. Abbe Perche was a host in himself with his writings and influence on the other supporters of the Catholic press.

He had realized what a gain his cause would enjoy in securing Mr. Rouquette's services, and the prize was won. Adrien was now ready and willing to devote all his energies toward the moral elevation of mankind and the progress of religion, to aid in the warfare the Church must ever wage against the powers of evil, and with filial endeavor to show forth her divine mission.

Here was the very occasion—the very opportunity—and he embraced it.

Bishop Blanc felt that now was the propitious hour

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to draw the people together, to foster their piety, love of God, devotion to the Church, and above all, at the present moment, win their filial obedience to their lawful pastors, whom they must now actively support in the distressing conflict.

Inspired by the Holy Spirit, the Bishop decided that a mission would be given to the lay Catholics in the church adjoining the episcopal resident, at St. Mary's, on Chartres Street, near the St. Louis Cathedral, now standing so solemn, so dark, so gloomy, in its desertion, under the ban of interdiction. Abbé Perché was chosen as the orator for the mission. He enjoyed a well-deserved renown as an eloquent and persuasive preacher, and those who did not know him in that capacity, were curious to hear as a speaker one so distinguished as a writer. The whole city was excited, enthusiastic, and many were ready to rally to the call for loyal adherence to God's cause.

Adrien's sympathies were already enlisted in this cause, and even were it not so, the personal magnetism of Abbé Perché's character exerted such an attraction that he could not have kept away. St. Mary's Church was packed, there was not even standing room, and many were obliged to return home without even reaching the door. This continued throughout the mission.

Adrien, from his connection with the Abbé, was allowed a privileged place, and there the grace of God awaited him.

It is very hard, nay, it is impossible to tell what transpires within the depths of the soul when the voice of

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God speaks there and makes known His superabounding love—when that love solicits the total surrender, and donation with return of love, when the soul in bliss ineffable is betrothed to her God. Such a moment came to Adrien Rouquette. The God of the Sanctuary held converse with his soul, whispered to him those solemn, mystic words that cause the flame of love to be enkindled in the heart, and then allure to self-renunciation, self-surrender, self-sacrifice, beckoning on to the mount which is both Thabor and Calvary.

For it is Thabor to be allowed to follow Him, and Calvary not to be able to draw all hearts to love Him. Thabor to share in His priesthood, Calvary to suffer and toil for the salvation of souls.

To say that Adrien was impressed is too faint a word, and conveys no idea of the state of his mind. All the good effects produced some years before in his soul by the sermons of Father de Ravignan at Notre Dame in Paris, were renewed with a hundredfold intensity. Now was God's hour. What could the words have been which affected such a marvellous change? It matters little. God sent one of those lightning flashes of grace such as struck down the Apostle of the Gentiles and transformed him into an Apostle of Christ.

God makes use of insignificant instruments, some simple idea which apparently embodies nothing extraordinary, as a medium by which to communicate a great luminous truth to the soul.

At that instant, a few words are impregnated by God's

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special grace, they enter the mind and shed such abundant efficacious light and strength that the soul sees clearly what before was dark, and embraces joyfully what the Master desires. The hour of grace passes, but the effects remain—and one will wonder, upon considering the words, which God used as a medium of communication, how they could ever have been fraught with such significance. They were vivified by grace, just as the little copper wire conveying the magic current of electricity to illume the fairy-like designs, receives its power from the dynamo.

So during the mission God sent His illuminating grace into Adrien Rouquette's soul and invited him to a new life, so high, so noble, that he had never even dreamed he could be found worthy to approach it. Yet it was offered him and in response his whole soul was filled with a sweetness never before experienced and an overwhelming desire to go forth and do great things for God. A love was kindled within his heart, a personal love for Christ, his Master, and to satisfy this love, he was impelled to the priesthood. This thought alone occupied his mind. What mattered the rest. He had no time now to study ways and means. He had no time for aught except to rejoice over his new-found love, and it was all-absorbing. Days went by and the great call was still a secret locked within his breast. The mission closed and Adrien was silent, and, it seemed, even taciturn. Every one expected to hear that he had disappeared as of old, hastening to bury himself in the forest, but their surmises were unfulfilled. He knew

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that with his impulsive nature, serious reflection should precede such an all-important step. Hence meditation and prayer accompanied his election. The final decision was made, and he went to pay a visit to Bishop Blanc.

Adrien recounted the history of his life—and told how God seemed to call him to the Sanctuary, terminating his recital with these words:

"Here I am, Monseigneur; you know all and have only to say the word, and I will leave at once for the Seminary."

The holy Prelate laid his hand upon the head of the young man kneeling beside him and replied: "My Son, I bless your resolution and willingly accept you as a candidate for the priesthood. You may enter the Seminary just as soon as you can settle your worldly affairs and be ready. Come to see me again when you are ready to depart."

Adrien left to hasten his preparations, and was soon able to appoint the date. He had never known what it was to bind his actions to the will of another. For years he had come and gone to Bayou Lacombe, and even to Europe, as the spirit moved him, so now he acted as heretofore, with perfect independence. Settling his affairs did not consume much time, so at about thirty years of age, (1844) Adrien bade adieu to the world, and went to Plattenville to enter the Seminary.

There is little to be said of the life of a seminarian. Adrien was a good scholar, and devoted himself entirely to his theology. The uniform regularity makes the days pretty much the same. The visits of the Bishop were

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epochs in the life of the students, and especially when, as in the case of Adrien, they marked the periods of his progressive steps toward Holy Orders. Mr. Rouquette received the Order of Sub-Deacon in 1844, and at last the goal of his ambition was attained when, in 1845, he was ordained a priest forever according to the Order of Melchisedeek.

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CHAPTER X.

A NEW VOCATION.

Bishop Blanc, from the beginning of his acquaintance with Father Rouquette, had formed a warm attachment for the young man whose progress he had followed with great interest, especially after he entered the Seminary.

A few days after his ordination the Bishop sent for Father Rouquette, and told him the plans for the near future. He was to become a member of the Bishop's household and exercise his ministery in the St. Louis Cathedral. The stirring times of the warfare between the clergy and the trustees had given place to peace, but, as the Bishop said, it was necessary to labor earnestly and use every means possible to attract and to hold the people. The Cathedral required zealous pastors who would not only administer the Sacraments, but who would preach the word of God regularly and so effectively that the congregation would be attracted by the sermons. And these should not only be eloquent orations, but also expositions of solid Christian doctrine.

The Bishop had studied the character, talents and aptitudes of his young cleric, so he knew that his desires would be realized.

Thus Father Rouquette began an apostolate which was to last fourteen long years, each bearing a fruitful harvest for the Master of the Vineyard.

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If only the stones of the *"vieux quartier"* could speak, what volumes they would tell. The walls of the great Cathedral would become eloquent in describing the young priest's untiring devotedness, self-sacrifice and love drawn from his Savior's Heart, for the little ones of Christ. The baptismal font, the confessional, the altar and the pulpit were the witnesses of his zeal. Particularly in the latter did Father Rouquette display that marvellous capacity, that virile energy, fiery eloquence, sublime heights of sacred science, and that tender piety which drew immense crowds, Sunday after Sunday, to hear him preach.

"The New Lacordaire," as many of his admirers liked to name him. Besides ministering in the church, Father Rouquette labored no less generously among the poor, the sick, the sinful members of the parish. The old flag pavements, the dark alleys, the secluded courtyards, these could tell of his visitations, so hidden and quiet that only the angels knew the record.

The night was never too dark or stormy for him to respond at once to a sick call, and this, irrespective of position, nationality, or color. Rich or poor, saint or sinner, slave or master, Father Rouquette went as lovingly, as readily to one as to the other. If he ever showed a preference it was in his eager desire to regain a sinful soul to its Redeemer, for he looked first to the welfare of the immortal soul. One among many similar incidents will illustrate his tender charity for the poor.

A family of French origin had lived for years in the Cathedral Parish. As was the custom, they owned slaves,

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and, as some of the rare cases which unfortunately did exist, looked upon the negroes as creatures born to serve in rank no better than the other domestic animals. Madame ——— was a widow, and thought a life in the midst of Parisian gayeties would be an agreeable change. So she left her property to be sold, with several slaves too aged and useless to accompany her.

Meanwhile one old negress became bedridden and was left destitute, starving and wanting for everything. The account of her case was made known to Father Rouquette, and at once he went to visit her.

Ill, in the midst of dirt and disorder, she was an object of pity. The young priest paid a negro girl to visit every day and attend to the old woman, while he himself would come laden with food and clothing and even with wood for fuel. He would then sweep the poor hovel, make the fire and sometimes cook something for his protegé to eat, and then, after having ministered to her bodily needs, he would sit beside her humble bed and speak to her of God's mercy and love and forgiveness, preparing her for Confession, Holy Communion and the Last Sacraments. No matter what were the occupations of the day, before retiring to his own well-earned rest, he would seek the old brick outhouse where the dying negress lay waiting for the visit of "Mon Pere." Many a time he furtively secreted the best portion of his dinner to take to some such case. But he was more loved for his personal sympathy and spiritual ministry than for the goods of this world, which he was enabled to give.

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By degrees Bishop Blanc placed more confidence in Father Rouquette, gave into his care various delicate missions and trained him to fill the responsible position of Vicar-General.

The diocese, though much reduced in size since Bishop Dubourg's time, by the elevation of the Sees of St. Louis, Natchez, Mobile and others, was very large, and visitations necessitated frequent and long absences. Vigilance and prudence enabled Father Rouquette to keep up the prosperous and edifying conditions the good Bishop had worked so hard to establish.

The Seventh Plenary Council of Baltimore had suggested to Rome the advisability of raising New Orleans to an Archdiocese, with Bishop Blanc as Metropolitan, assisted by four Suffragans. This was done in 1850. The new Archbishop had just organized all affairs in the Archdiocese, when the General Council of 1854 was convened in Rome. He then left for the Eternal City, and was one of the few American Prelates present at the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He was well pleased upon his return to find everything in such good condition. During his administration churches had multiplied from twenty-six to seventy-three and clergymen from twenty-seven to ninety-two. All else was parallel, and in the accomplishment of all this none was more eager to spend himself for the Lord than Father Rouquette, and no small portion of the good effected was due to his initiative and good management. Thus time went on for fourteen years, during which Father Rouquette as

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an earnest, zealous priest had been absorbed and happy in his duties.

But the hour was near when the same Divine Voice that had called him from the world to the Sanctuary, was again to speak to his heart, and beckon him on further and higher up the holy mount, following closely in the footprints of the Master.

It came in the Spring of 1859, and long years after, when in a reminiscent mood, Father Rouquette told a tried friend how God had manifested to him his real vocation, the life-work for which all previous events had been but the preparation. It happened thus:

Father Rouquette was to say a Low Mass at the Cathedral, and up to the moment of ascending the altar steps, had no other thought than his usual devout preparation to celebrate the sacred mysteries with due attention and fervor.

The day happened to be the first Sunday of Lent, March 13; and the Gospel relates that "Jesus was led by the spirit into the desert."

How often before had Adrien read those same words unmoved. Yet, to-day, they seemed instinct with life, and suggestive of so much beyond the simple text that they fascinated him. He read them over, and on a sudden his mind was illumined, his heart throbbed with emotion, while his whole being seemed to go forth into a region distant yet familiar.

He saw himself in the midst of his beloved Choctaws, in a mission which he thought he had established in the

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very heart of the Choctaw hunting-grounds at the head springs of Bayou Lacombe. He was standing in spirit at the altar of a woodland chapel ready to celebrate the Divine Mysteries, surrounded by his swarthy children of the forest. He could hear the chanting of the woodland choir, he could inhale the fragrance of the wild flowers decking his rustic altar, and as a sweet sentiment of joy and intense happiness pervaded his whole soul, a voice of harmony divine spoke these words: "Come into the land that I have shown thee and say to the dwellers thereof: 'I will be your priest and you shall be my people.'" In response, there could only be an oblation complete, and unreserved as it was, almost ecstatic in its exultant jubilation.

Then the scene faded, and the solemnity of the present action came back to banish all other thoughts, and Father Rouquette went on with the Mass, making heartfelt acts of contrition for having allowed his mind to wander from the august sacrifice.

At the Offertory he was again thrilled by the message it conveyed, "and an assurance seemed given him that God was really calling him to a new mission and would be his support." This is what he read: "The Lord will overshadow thee with His shoulders, and under His wings thou shalt trust."

He did not pause, but strove to concentrate all the powers of his soul upon the more solemn part of the Mass. Soon he held in his hands the very Body of the Master, whom he loved with all the strength of his nature,

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and as he bowed low and reverently in adoration he seemed to hear: "Adrien, if thou lovest Me, go and feed my little ones, My sheep that are in the desert." And with burning soul he renewed his promise, telling Christ in a tender colloquy all his love, all his longing, all his thanksgiving.

Once more the sacred liturgy was illumined by divine light to convey the last inspiration when he read in the Post-Communion: "May our partaking of Thy sacramental sacrifice, O Lord, impart to us strength to serve Thee in newness of spirit."

The preceding emotion, now increased, caused the tears to stream from the priest's eyes, and he was obliged to pause before concluding the Holy Sacrifice, in order to regain his self-possession.

When he reached the Vestry, the server, thinking Father Rouquette was ill, approached and respectfully asked if he could do anything to relieve him. The Father thanked him, but said, no, he did not need assistance. What he did want was solitude and leisure to meditate upon what had transpired and to dwell upon the message conveyed so strangely to his soul.

The services of the rest of the day were performed as by a dreamer, as by one who has been dazed, and so he was in truth dazzled by the bright light vouchsafed him in the morning sacrifice.

He was not wont to tell his inmost thoughts, so this new vocation was not manifested for some time. He wished to make sure his second great election with God,

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and then he intended revealing the secret to the Archbishop.

Of course he could not banish from his mind the scene of the woodland chapel, and his Chahta children, and his day dreams added many a realistic detail of the life to come. He could see the dancing sunshine shimmering in glinting rays, as the visible grace of the Great Spirit descending upon the prostrate Indians, when at the close of a Summer day, he gave them the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Or, he pictured himself administering the Sacraments to the poor untutored children of the desert, and then such a longing would come over him that he felt he could fly at once to embrace the labors that so appealed to his soul.

Adrien Rouquette studied his own past life, and then how clear it all became in the light of this new-born grace. Why it was all but a preparation for this mission to which God was calling him, and his final resolve was taken, for he felt that the time was ripe for its fulfilment. A few days passed before Father Rouquette could summon the courage to tell Archbishop Blanc, whom he loved as a father, of his determination. He knew it would be a great blow to the aged prelate.

At last he went and made known to him the call of God, and he dwelt long upon the remote preparation God had provided to fit him for an Apostolate among the Savages.

Archbishop Blanc did not wish to hear the project spoken of as a divine mission. It was, he said, nothing

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but a day dream, and so he opposed it strongly. He could not see the necessity. He tenderly loved the ardent priest, and could not resign himself to the thought of losing him.

"Ah!" said he, "are there not savages enough in the city, without going to seek for them in the forest? Ah! my dear Adrien, this is not what I have dreamed for you! I have loved you as my son, and now in my old age, you would leave me! Oh! no, it can't be! I cannot let you go!"

Adrien was deeply pained, his soul was in anguish, torn by conflicting desires. He loved this kind and gentle Superior, but he had given his promise to God. He told the Archbishop that he would pray and reflect—and then would return to tell him his decision. Adrien now felt that in his perplexity the wise counsel of a friend was needed, and he turned instinctively to one whose holiness inspired implicit confidence. He wrote a full account of all that had transpired to Monseigneur Odin, who from Vicar Apostolic had become Bishop of Texas. The Bishop answered at once and encouraged him to persevere in his new vocation. "Continue, my son, to devote yourself to your Indians, and God will bless you and your work." So great was Adrien's veneration for Monseigneur Odin that an adverse decision from him would have probably weighed down the rest. Bishop Odin had been a pupil and later a companion of Mr. de Andreis and Bishop Rosati. When the Congregation of the Missions was established in the South, Mr. Odin evangelized the States of Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. In the latter place he labored so strenuously that he deserves to be called, "The Father of the Church in Texas."

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Adrien had seen the saintly apostle in 1841 as he passed through New Orleans. He was literally in rags, and the generous Bishop Blanc, knowing well it was because he gave everything to his flock, came to the assistance of his poverty-stricken condition and renewed his wardrobe, notwithstanding the holy man's supplications. So impressed was Bishop Blanc with Mr. Odin's sanctity and ability that he proposed him first as Coadjutor of Detroit, and when he refused the honor, as Vicar Apostolic of Texas. He became Bishop in 1842.

New Orleans was happy to receive him as Archbishop Blanc's successor. He died at an advanced age in his native town in France, and was honored by the following eulogium: "Archbishop Odin was a martyr by merit, without the glory of martyrdom!" Such was the wise counsellor chosen by Adrien to direct his decision, and once Bishop Odin had approved his resolution, all other arguments were excluded. Convinced that his work among the Choctaws was awaiting him, he went again to Archbishop Blanc and told him that hesitation was no longer possible, he felt certain that God was calling him, and he must obey.

Grieved as the Archbishop was, he had too much reverence for divine inspiration to oppose its effects. Blessing his spiritual son, he bade him go in God's name to undertake the mission to which he felt himself called.

Adrien kissed the trembling hand just held over him in Benediction, and silently and sadly left his presence to depart for his new home.

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CHAPTER XI.

A HEROIC PERIOD.

The Choctaws, or Chahta Indians, were the fortunate people for whom Father Rouquette heard that special call of God, that invitation to devote the best part of his life, to spend himself in order to lead those children of the forest to their Heavenly Father.

This tribe of savages had originally dwelt in the territory between the Tombighee and the Mississippi Rivers. They were more numerous than any other of the Southern tribes, and powerful on account of their number. By nature the Choctaw was brave, haughty and revengeful, active in the chase and even in agricultural pursuits, but cunning and deceit were traits too marked to allow the whites or even their Indian neighbors, to place much confidence in the words of a Chahta. In physical appearance they were tall, raw-boned, and had the foreheads flattened by the custom of binding bags of sand on the foreheads of children.

As soon as Georgia and Alabama became well settled the white race began that sad system of defrauding the poor Indian of his land and home; till finally by a general act of (one might say) confiscation, the greater part of their territory was taken or exchanged, and the owners transferred to Indian Territory. The Choctaws of Louisiana clung to that region in St. Tammany, where they had

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dwelt from time immemorial, and in like manner the Attakapas remained in the Teche country. These latter Indians were once cannibals, as their name signifies, meaning, "man-eater." Of all the Southern tribes, none wove baskets with the artistic taste of the Attakapas.

Like the Natchez Indians, the Choctaws held chieftainship by right of birth, but the descent was in the female line. For instance, the son of a chief could not succeed his father, the latter must be replaced by the son of his sister or nearest female relative.

Most of these tribes worshipped the sun and called their chief "the Great Sun," while to his council was given the appellation of "Little Suns." Otherwise their religious ideas were vague and undefined.

This gives us a faint idea of the people for whom Father Rouquette was to work and pray and whose deepest affection he was to win.

When the would-be missionary left Archbishop Blanc, all was decided and he longed to depart at once, but the Lenten services, Holy Week and all the Springtide festivals, besides the arrangement of matters connected with the diocese had all to be thought of, prepared and settled before he would bid farewell to civilization. This kept him in town till the close of August, though allowing a few brief visits to Bayou Lacombe and the vicinity, to seek the various chiefs and confer with them as to the most favorable localities for establishing missions.

At last on September 8th, under the auspices of Our Blessed Lady's Nativity, Father Rouquette opened his

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first mission, gathering around him for the first time his Chahta children at the Ravine des Cannes. This foundation was placed under the patronage of his favorite Indian Saint, the Blessed (or Venerable) Catherine Tegahwitha. Few knew better than the missionary what superstitions had to be uprooted, what soil had to be cultivated before Christian virtues could be planted. Belief in the Divinity, the wonderful truth of the Incarnation, reward and punishment in the next world, were preliminaries, if one dare so speak, to the culture of Christian peace, charity, temperance and morality; the very points on which the Indian character was fatally weak. Father Rouquette succeeded beyond his fondest hopes. If the vast congregations at the St. Louis Cathedral had seemed like some great lyre whose strings the impassioned orator had swept with a master hand, what shall be said of his influence over the children of the forest, so much more powerful and virile!

What was the secret, the magic talisman by which he moulded anew the hearts of this primitive race? He became as St. Paul, "all things to all men," and he gained all to Christ. He adopted the Indian dress and mode of life except when appearing in his priestly character, for then he always wore his black soutane, otherwise a casual observer could hardly have recognized in him a white man.

His long black hair, flowing upon his shoulders, his strong, stern features, with an aquiline cast, his skin bronzed by exposure to the weather, his tall muscular form wrapped in a blanket, with bare feet and in the mild

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season wearing no covering on his head, he made a picture, once seen, never to be forgotten. There was a spiritual expression on his countenance that reminded one of a higher life, a nobler destiny, suggesting that such might be the reflection of an angel's face.

Those early days of Father Rouquette's mission were full of toil and hardship. Tradition for many years has pointed out an old oak of giant dimensions which long served the missionary as a place of shelter in its hollow trunk.

Besides the station at the Ravine aux Cannes, halfway between Mandeville and Bayou Lacombe he erected a church at Hachunchuba, or Alligator Bayou, now known as Kildara, or the Cabin of the Oak. Still another was built with a dwelling nearby, on Bayou Lacombe, when the chapel of Buchuwa was destroyed. The Bayou Lacombe mission Father Rouquette loved best of all, calling it the "nook," and this spot he called home.

These were the fruits of the years 1859 to 1861, and after-events proved that God had very abundantly blessed the zealous priest's labors, for notwithstanding the terrible devastation caused by the war, no sooner had the dear "Black Robe" returned to the "nook" than his faithful Indians flocked once more to join the shepherd's fold.

In 1861 Louisiana seceded from the Union and joined the Confederacy under the Presidency of Jefferson Davis.

In New Orleans, from the beginning of hostilities, business was put aside and all who could, and some who should not, joined the army at Richmond. This left the

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OAK TREE.

ANOTHER TREE.

PINE TREES.

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city very few to defend it in the event of an attack. Only in 1862 did the Federals threaten the Crescent City. Their main object was to obtain possession of the waterway, and cut off supplies from the Southerners.

On April 25th Farragut passed the forts and anchored before the city. The authorities well knew that resistance was useless, so employed the time before capitulation in destroying the stores of cotton, sugar and molasses laid up in the warehouses.

The cotton was set on fire, the sugar barrels burst open and scattered broadcast, much of it burned with the cotton, and the molasses was allowed to run into the gutters. The only ones who enjoyed this state of affairs were the little black pickaninnies, who revelled in the flood of sweets.

Meanwhile the poor inhabitants were beside themselves for fear of a bombardment, which did not occur. The troops withdrew from the city before the Federals entered—and thus the conquest was peaceable.

Farragut's first order was to lower the Confederate flag from public buildings and raise in its place the Stars and Stripes.

May 1, 1862, General Butler was given command. The news of his actions in New Orleans soon spread to Baton Rouge, and when the gun-boats appeared before that city, the people, alarmed lest they be treated as those of New Orleans, hastily secreted their valuables. Many a silver service lay hidden in the depths of a well till troubled times were over.

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The Northern soldiers roved all around the environs of New Orleans and helped themselves to horses and other supplies, as required. This terrified the Indians, and they fled far back into the swamps where they knew there was not the slightest danger that the soldiers would follow. They left their homes, their ungathered crops, all their worldly possessions that could not be carried away in the huge bundles with which they were laden. So the Choctaws decamped, leaving behind the smiling home of peace and plenty to seek refuge in the swamp where the rattlesnake lay hid and where the very atmosphere was poisoned by the miasma rising from stagnant water and decaying vegetable matter—a poison that soon penetrates to the very marrow of the bone, and laid prostrate numberless victims.

Sickness, misery, deprivations were but beginning a long and painful reign.

Fortunately there was one soul of heroic mould sent by the Providence of God, to accompany, to protect, to solace, to comfort the wanderers in their dreary exile. Chahta-Ima, as the Indians called Father Rouquette, was as a father in the midst of his children. He did everything for them, even nursing with tenderest care those stricken by illness, rendering the most menial services and never seeming to be himself even capable of feeling fatigue and suffering. The food was scant, the water impure, clothing reduced to rags—making the camp an abode of misery.

All through the parching heat of Summer, drenched

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CHAPEL.

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and chilled in the Fall and Winter storms and cold, the indefatigable missionary went back and forth between the city and the camp of his poor savages, carrying drugs, pieces of cloth and the food he could manage to procure.

Many a hair-breadth escape he had in approaching and leaving the enemies' lines. Once he was apprehended as a spy, but succeeded in obtaining not only liberty for himself but donations of food and medicine for his Indian protegés.

Who can describe the weary journeys, the painful vigils, in the midst of inclement weather, when, poorly nourished and scantily clad, the heroic pastor struggled on, mile after mile, through the rough canebrake and thorny undergrowth of our Louisiana swamp, bearing the heavy burden of articles for his afflicted children in the swamp? This certainly testifies to great self-abnegation, self-sacrifice and immolation in close imitation of the Master, who said, "Greater love than this hath no man, that he should lay down his life for his brethren."

But even the worst things come to an end in this world, and after a long period of suffering, during which Father Rouquette strained every nerve to keep his flock together and to lay ever more deeply the foundation of their religious belief and practice, the happy day at last dawned when the war was over and he could gather his Indians once more around him in the quiet shadows of the "Nook."

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CHAPTER XII.

"They went forth sowing in tears, but they returned reaping the harvest with joy."—Psalms.

Who would have thought, during the gloomy period of 1862-63 and '64, which witnessed such dire distress throughout the Southland, that so soon after the declaration of peace the mission of the Choctaws would experience a wondrous resurrection! Yet so it was. Events hastened on, and before even the good priest could realize it he was again settled down in his humble little chapel home, with his beloved Chahta children building their own reed cabins near by the black-robe's dwelling, each vying with his neighbor to supply the necessities of life while he labored for the regeneration of their souls, and at the same time lent them the protection of his position and authority.

Perhaps during the entire period of his residence in the Choctaw forest no more pleasing occurrence had broken the monotony, if such existed, and surely brightened Father Rouquette's life, than the visit of Father Chocarne, the eminent Dominican, already made famous by his able and charming life of the great Lacordaire.

A few words regarding this illustrious visitor to the "Pays des Chactas" cannot be amiss, since he has contributed in the following letter so true a picture of Adrien Rouquette's mission.

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Pierre Alphonse Chocarne was born at Dijon, April 4, 1826. His parents destined him for a commercial career, but God designed a more glorious life-work, and he entered the seminary and received minor orders. Lacordaire came to Dijon and gave a series of conferences. The young Abbe Chocarne was captivated by the marvellous eloquence of the saintly Dominican, and entered the Order's novitiate in Flavigny, October 7, 1849, taking the name of Brother Bernard.

The next year he was ordained, and at the age of twenty-nine became Superior of the monastery at Toulouse, and later Master of Novices at St. Maximin. In 1861, Lacordaire died and Father Chocarne undertook as a work of love, to write the "Interior Life" of the great orator. We know how well he succeeded and how wonderful has been the effect of this work. Various troubles caused Father Chocarne to resign the position of Prior in Bordeaux, and, obtaining permission to visit America, he sailed from Liverpool September 5, 1866.

America won his affection from the start, and, above all else, he admired the liberty enjoyed by the Church. Father Chocarne began at once the pleasing task of preparing himself for pulpit oratory, and, had not prudent friends intervened, was on the point of entering a very heated field of debate. His whole heart and talent were aroused by the slavery question which, though now settled by force of arms, still stirred up animosity on both sides. Father Chocarne just longed to fling himself headlong into the opposition party and preach with all the fervor of his

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French enthusiasm against an institution established for the barter of human beings. Happily, the wisdom of his counsellors prevailed and Father Chocarne relinquished his plan.

Some months later found him in New Orleans, and he had the good fortune to meet the Apostle of the Choctaws. Here was a subject quite as interesting as the slave question, and the Dominican never tired asking information regarding the Indians. Father Rouquette invited him to pay a visit to the savages in their forest home—a privilege most cordially accepted. A letter sent to France describing this visit tells the story so well that it would be a loss not to give at least a good extract:

"I promised you an account of my visit to the home of the Choctaw Indians, so to-day I come to redeem my word. You remember my description of the passage across Lake Pontchartrain, from New Orleans to Mandeville, which nestled near the border of the lake with the neighboring villas and charming Summer residences stretching along the shore on either side. Then came the fury of a tropical storm, succeeded by a magnificent sunset in the midst of clouds of gold and fire seen beyond the giant trees in garbs of green, now bathed in light and illumined, as it were, by an immense Bengal flame that gave the sparkling and scintillating raindrops, still trembling on the leaves, the aspect of a veritable shower of pearls and diamonds. This was May 17th. The next day I left Mandeville for Bonfouca, accompanied by the priest, a former Italian Domin-

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ican, set adrift by the troubles of his native land, and now in charge of the three or four surrounding parishes.

"On Sunday I preached in the Church of Bonfouca, and then pressed forward into the forest, into the region where the Chahta Indians dwell.

"From Mandeville to Bonfouca requires about three hours' drive in a carriage, and as one leaves the little town by a grand avenue going straight into the woods, it is easy to fancy oneself in some magnificent park. How I enjoyed the pure perfumed air of the forest, and admired the magnificence of Nature! At the end of this avenue the scene changes. Then one enters a vault of Gothic arches, formed by the tall pines whose shade gives a sense of solemn mystery to the silent solitudes. There is no undergrowth to be seen now, and no other fragrant odor than the healthful resinous perfume which is exhaled by a silvery liquid which exudes in large tears from the trunk of the tree. One has a fine view, and can see far in the distance grazing herds which the neighing of a horse will send galloping away. These seem to be the sole inhabitants of this enchanting forest. We soon perceived that this was not the case, for a savage was approaching, his gun on his shoulder, the hunting dogs preceding him, his feet bare, his body unclothed except for a pair of short trousers, and a white band on his forehead to prevent his long hair from blowing over his face. He passed us without deigning to raise his eyes, while I almost sent mine out of their sockets in my endeavor to take in every detail of his form and figure. This was my first glimpse of a bona fide Indian. In this primitive attire, with a step firm and proud, with a wild free-

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dom expressed in every movement, beneath the shades of the lofty pines, a place which seemed his own domain, he bore no resemblance to the Indians I had seen in the city, squatting on the pavement of the old French Market, exhibiting their wares for sale. These wore a sad, timid, embarrassed expression as though they felt themselves out of their sphere. Before noon we arrived at Bonfouca. 'And what is Bonfouca?' you may ask. 'Is it a village?' No, it is simply a church, a charming little wooden structure on the border of the Bayou, and just beside the church is a tiny house for the priest, surrounded by a garden, and further on, as a background, the great forest.

"Then we dined, and I had the pleasure of a little excursion up the Bayou in a pirogue. It was delightful! My two oarsmen sent the little boat swiftly and silently amidst the white and yellow blossoms which open at dawn and close their sleepy eyes as the sun goes down. From time to time an alligator raised his ugly head above the water, showing a double row of vicious-looking teeth, and then plunged to the bottom when he perceived our proximity.

"Along the banks of the Bayou, separated from one another, at a considerable distance by vast fields of cane and Indian corn, by forests of great oaks and other trees, are the dwellings of the planters. From time to time a white sail brought toward us a little fishing smack en-route for the great city.

"We spent thus two hours in the midst of these wild and picturesque scenes. Then I landed and pushed forward, alone, into the interior. There was no sound of hu-

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man voice, no sign of rural labors. I seemed to be in a solitary forest where man had never before penetratd. Birds of a thousand colors, every shade and hue, of red, blue, brown and yellow, looked at me with an air of surprise, but with so little fear that I could almost touch them ere they stirred. How naturally does the soul rise to God when one is thus alone in the presence of the wonders of His creation! I stopped once to admire a giant oak whose foliage measured full 200 feet in diameter, while its hollow trunk could have sheltered an entire family. Then I wended my way back and, entering my canoe, returned to Bonfouca.

"The next day was Sunday, and a festival for the church of Bonfouca. How different was the aspect! Crowds came from the vicinity apparently so desert-like. All ranks of society were there assembled, white and black and yet I missed the very people I had come to seek, the dear savages. They simply will not mingle with the whites, not from timidity, but from native pride. Not so the negro. He wishes nothing better than appearing in company with his erstwhile master, but his presence is not accepted socially, while the Indian refuses all invitations to sociable intercourse. To see the Indian, therefore, I had to go to the very heart of the forest.

"Early Monday morning I began an excursion in search of my friend, the Abbe Rouquette, the Apostle of the Choctaws in Louisiana. I had made his acquaintance in New Orleans, and he was awaiting my arrival at his hermitage in order to present me to his parishioners.

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"What an excellent man! What a good and noble heart has Adrien Rouquette. He is a Creole of Louisiana, belonging to one of the oldest families of New Orleans. He made most of his studies in France and possesses a cultivated mind, an elevated intellect, a generous soul filled with the double love of his God and his country. As a priest, his burning eloquence drew the entire population of New Orleans, and as a renowned orator his reputation was widespread and well merited. Archbishop Blanc, predecessor of Archbishop Odin, made Father Rouquette his Vicar-General, and even dreamed of a still more exalted dignity for his favorite, when a decided vocation for solitude and a special attraction to devote himself to the conversion of the Indians, made him a recluse and a true missionary. He knew the language of the Choctaws and he went to dwell in their midst, built a church and gave his time to their instruction.

"The beginnings were painful, for the Indian does not yield readily. To his native pride is joined a want of confidence in the white race, unfortunately well-founded in many instances. At first the savages regarded Father Rouquette as a government spy, so they watched his every movement, placed no reliance in his promises and waited proofs in actions, more persuasive than words. Later, when his entire devotedness showed how worthy he was of their affection and reverence, they themselves told him of the mysterious, hidden vigilance with which they had guarded his every movement at all times. 'When you wandered alone in the depths of the forest,' they said,

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'reading in your book of prayers; or when, retired to some hidden nook on the bayou for a bath in the deep still waters, our eye was ever upon you, we never for an instant lost sight of you, either day or night.' Alone or in public the Indians found the Black Robe the same, the priest of God, and they gave him their respect and veneration. And now, how he loves his Chahta children, and how, in turn, he is beloved by them! He knew that it was a festa for me to visit his mission, so he rejoiced almost as much as I did. But now, let me return to my departure from Bonfouca. The good priest gave me his carriage, secured a guide, and I started for Bayou Lacombe, where my dear Abbe Rouquette had his dwelling. About an hour's drive through the pine forest brought me to the Bayou. I then sent back the carriage and guide, and crossing the rather wide stream in a pirogue, took a beaten path that seemed to invite me to unknown solitudes. A walk of ten minutes showed me the hermitage, and before I could realize it, the 'Black Robe,' with a cordial welcome, was almost reproaching me for having so long delayed my visit.

"The term Black Robe is not a mere figure of speech here for the 'Father of the Chahtas' or 'Chahta-Ima,' always wears the long black soutane when in the midst of the savages.

"Adrien Rouquette is a tall, well-made man, his long black hair falls in ringlets on his shoulders, framing a countenance sweet, gentle, and noble. Large, brilliant, keen dark eyes illumine features at once fine and distinguished, responding quickly with keenest sympathy. He

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is one of those figures so appealing to an artist where every emotion, every expression lives, speaks and attracts. Such is my dear Abbe Rouquette, whom I love with all my heart.

"And what shall I say of the hermitage? You would have to see it to form an idea. There is nothing borrowed, no attempt to seek the picturesque, nothing grandiose. All of its poetry is in the simplicity and poverty of the little wooden chapel surrounded by the charm of solitude, in this magnificent forest. This is not the first chapel that Father Rouquette built in the midst of an Indian village. The war came, dispersed the Choctaws, burnt their wigwams and confiscated their crops and herds. One little church still exists, but, empty robbed of all it contained, and now stands a desolate ruin.

"At the close of the war the Indians came hither and grouped their dwellings about the Black Robe's home, knowing that near him they will have protection, assistance and the affectionate care of a father.

"The home of Father Rouquette, which serves also as a chapel, is a sort of chalet in wood, a square building surrounded by a gallery. The chapel occupies the main part of the first floor and the gallery serves as a sort of vestibule. The chapel is adorned with engravings, portraits of hermits, Dominican saints, among whom is St. Rose, for Father Rouquette is tenderly attached to the Order of St. Dominic. He even offered himself once to Father Lacordiare to enter our Order, with the intention of bringing a branch of the old tree to plant in the soil of

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Louisiana. But Father Lacordaire thought the plan premature, and while dissuading him from its accomplishment, encouraged him to persevere in the life of devotedness he had undertaken for the Indians. Which he did, and now I, a son of Father Lacordaire, have been privileged to visit the mission.

"The semi-twilight, the silence, the solitude, all, dispose the soul for prayer and render the presence of God sensible. But mid-day came, and my morning excursion had whetted my appetite. But, Oh! how my illusions vanished! Instead of the hermit's meal of cold water, nuts and dried figs, under the shade of a tree, I found a table laden with all the delicacies of civilization. What fairy wand had created this feast worthy of a prince? It was all explained when the good Abbe introduced to me his brother, Mr. Felix Rouquette, who lives near by, and who, hospitable and generous, as are all these Creole planters, had ordered the repast for his brother's guest. But I was impatient to be off to visit the Indians, and my host enjoyed the fervor of my anticipation. After dinner he took his stick and we set out. Now, there are no paths to betray the presence of the Indians' wigwams, so to me we seemed to wander aimlessly. Soon the bark of a dog announced that we were perceived, and in a few moments we reached a fence, enclosing, here a garden, there a pasture. Three Choctaw women were seated on the ground. They did not rise, scarcely deigned to look up, and continued their work. My presence intimidated them, and it was in vain that the Abbe tried to draw them into conver-

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sation. The elder woman, evidently the mother, was making a scarlet garment, one of her daughters was weaving a basket, the other was parching coffee. The Mongol type is readily recognized. The Choctaw has the slightly flattened nose, the almond shaped eye, and the thick lips, while the color is a copper red.

"Father Rouquette said a few words in Choctaw regarding my presence, and they asked if I came from beyond the great lake, raising for an instant their large timid eyes to look at me, then bending them at once upon their work. The men were away hunting, and the women were sorry not to have some game to offer their Father on the occasion of this visit of the white man.

"Near by was the cone-shaped wigwam made of cane reed and branches. Within were hung the arms and utensils, the guns and hunting kives were all modern. I looked in vain for bows and arrows, tomahawks and feather decorations. On the ground were mats and blankets. This was all. Near the cabin was a little fire with a kettle hung over it, and further away a few chickens and the dog completed the inventory of this humble home.

"They envy us not, ask nothing of us but the liberty to live after their own customs, with the forest for their hunting grounds, the solitude—their independence. The Choctaw has preserved many natural good qualities; aside from love of drink, which he has learned from the whites, he is sober, of pure morals, hospitable and generous. He is happier in giving than in receiving.

"Every violation of morals is severely punished, and

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now rarely occurs. One of the principal punishments is to cut the hair, which is for both men and women a public dishonor and humiliation.

"When we reached home, we found two young Choctaws leaning on their guns, waiting to offer a large turtle and four squirrels. The dress of these men was similar to the one seen in the forest the previous day, except that these wore a sort of white tunic. These men were short in stature, well formed, with broad shoulders and well-developed muscles. Their skin was a dark bronze. They were really splendid types of energy and savage pride.

"They received us with a smile, seemed happy to hear our exclamations of welcome, then they received some remnants left from our dinner and departed well satisfied. As the shadows of the night began to close in around us, Father Rouquette conducted me to my cell, a tiny cabin five or six feet square, with a little couch, a mosquito bar, a table and a chair. In all my life I never spent such a happy night. I saw the shadow of the trees draw closer and closer their curtains of darkness, then I could no longer distinguish their variety, and soon the fireflies began their dazzling dance above and all around my little dwelling. The heavens were unclouded, a light breeze freshened the atmosphere, and, playing in the branches of the trees, produced a sweet and yet fantastic harmony.

"My enthusiasm is difficult to arouse, but that night I became a poet, I think, as I walked back and forth, inebriated by the enchantment of the solitude. I spoke to God in the depths of my soul, I sang in a low voice hymns

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of love and praise and gratitude, I prayed to the Virgin Mother and to all the saints in Paradise. I prayed for all, for France, my mother, my brother, my sister, my brothers in religion, my friends beyond the seas—for America, for the Indians, in a word for all.

"Next morning I rose early, said my Mass, and telling my good Abbe Rouquette how happy and grateful I was for his cordial hospitality, I turned my steps again—toward the haunts of civilization."

No words could better describe the mission of Father Rouquette than this letter of Father Chocarne. It shows in a most vivid pen-picture the work accomplished, both before and after the war, and may we not add, during the war—a work so enduring that the exile, privations and sufferings of those years of strife had obliterated none of the teachings, none of the truths of Faith from the poor Indians' souls. Christ's message to these children of the forest had been heard as well amidst the cannons' roar and the thunder of the battle as in the days of peace and prosperity; and once the struggle was over, the Master's voice was heard: "Arise, my beloved, the Winter is past and the rains are over." And they responded to His invitation and clustered once more around Christ's representative to hear the word of eternal life.

"One of the Abbé's beloved nooks was a noble tree—it can be found to-day within a few miles of Chinchuba. Here he loved to meditate, here he prayed not only for his Indian friends, but also for his country, as expressed in his

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own beautiful words: 'Aimer l'Eglise, c'est aimer la patre, et aimer la patrie, c'est la servir par la prière.'

"His chapels were always built under or near some glorious oak, several of them over abandoned Indian log-cabins then a hundred years old, built by the Choctaws before they had seen a white man's face. They are all gone now but one! It stands on the grounds of the Deaf-Mute Institution at Chinchuba—a silent companion of the dear ones there whose lives are as noiseless as this loved relic of the poet-priest.

"The love of solitude seems to have been an inborn need of his soul—but its inspiration was his love of God. The beautiful forests of Louisiana reflected the beauty of their Creator, and within their gloom and glory he felt near to heaven and its King.

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CHAPTER XIII.

HOME FOR GOOD.

Even the best, even the holiest, even the most heroic persons—even those which in our poor human judgment, God should leave here on earth much longer to continue the great work they are doing for the Church, for the salvation of souls—must one day close their tired eyes upon this world's scene of action, to open them for the eternal contemplation of their reward exceeding great.

Sometimes the volume of a life is ended but is not finished. That soul may cry: *"Pater, in manus tuus commendum spiritum meum!"* but it cannot say: *"Consummatum est.,* Father, I have finished the work Thou gavest me." Could not Adrien Rouquette claim this privilege at the close of his long career?

For twenty-eight long years, in hardships and labor, he had devoted himself untiringly to the Chahta Indians—and so great was his influence, so profound the respect he inspired, so unbounded the confidence he won, that long before he saw the period of his exile on earth near its end, it was well night impossible to find a savage unbaptized, uninstructed, who did not proudly proclaim allegiance to the faith of Chahta-Ima, as the Indians loved to call their Black Robe Father.

Toward the beginning of the '80s two ladies of New Orleans were spending the Summer in Mandeville, and

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enjoyed nothing more than a drive into the country around, especially in those regions evangelized by the saintly missionary, Father Rouquette.

Civilization was creeping apace and extending the habitations of the paleface ever deeper into the section so long in possession of the Choctaws. These withdrew further back into the forest, and with the exception of the few Indians who still frequented the French Market in New Orleans, one might drive many miles without meeting a savage.

Father Rouquette was well known by reputation to these ladies, and they had seen him occasionally as he came in regularly to the Archbishop for confession, even as the humblest of his flock; and then to gladden the hearts of old friends, none of whom welcomed him with more genuine pleasure than Archbishop Blanc, and later his worthy and holy successor, Archbishop Odin.

On these occasions the missionary remained over night and early in the morning said his Mass most devoutedly at a side altar of St. Mary's Church. His was an imposing figure, once seen, never to be forgotten, and the impression made always left a desire to know more of the missionary, about whom such wondrous histories were told. One evening the ladies left the little town of Mandeville for a long drive which would take them to the immediate vicinity of one of Father Rouquette's woodland chapels. When quite near the place they met an Indian woman carrying an infant. The carriage was stopped, and though the woman seemed timid and reserved, when the ladies beckoned to her she approached and showed them

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her little child. They tried to interrogate her, but soon perceived that she understood neither French nor English. Then they endeavored by signs to find out whether the infant had received baptism. This, too, seemed ineffectual till one of the ladies mentioned the name of Father Rouquette. At once her face was illumined, a flash of comprehension was followed by expressions of joy and reverence, and repeating the name, "Rouquette, Rouquette, Chahta-Ima!" she explained by gestures that her little one had received baptism from the venerable Father, and was now a child of God.

How often during the twenty-eight years of his apostolate had not Father Rouquette realized his vision at the altar, that foresight, as it were, of the future, when with uplifted monstrance he gave the Savior's Benediction to the kneeling Indians amidst a scene of sunset glory which cast a halo round the hallowed spot. He had truly made himself one with his people and gained them all to Christ.

One reason why Father Rouquette chose the "Nook" as the rallying place for the Choctaws after the war, was because from time immemorial the spot had been sacred to the Chahta dead. One of their old pagan rites had been to assemble there yearly to render homage to their ancestors.

From far and near the Indians came, even from Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, as well as from the most remote sections of Louisiana, and far from discouraging this remnant of paganism, with the instinct born of loyalty to Mother Church, and in imitation of her own deeds in pagan Rome, the zealous missionary saw therein

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a means of apostolate. He Christianized the pagan rite, converting it into another day of All Souls.

Father Rouquette was sure to be at the place so dear to the different tribes, ready to welcome the weary pilgrims, and while pouring the balm of earthly consolation upon their bruised feet and fevered bodies, and distributing food to the famished multitude, he was no less solicitous by winning their love and reverence to lead them to their Heavenly Father. So when the wanderers returned to their homes far away they bore with them the seed of Faith—a knowledge of the teachings of Christ, and, often a great desire to become worthy children of the great Spirit whose minister and representative was the White Father, the Black Robe—Chahta-Ima.

Thus the tiny mustard seed grew into the large and spreading tree.

And right here, after considering the mighty work in the Master's vineyard accomplished so lovingly by this heroic laborer, let us pause and look forward a quarter of a century. Could the shade of Father Chocarne return to the land of the Choctaws; could the spirit of the generous and devoted missionary return with him to contemplate the once loved scene of a great life-work, what would they say? It is not given us to know the whys and wherefores of God's designs in man's regard, and the "Imitation of Christ" warns us not to inquire curiously into the plans of Divine Providence. Still we are not forbidden to see the course of events allowed by God, and therefrom derive spiritual profit.

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Where are the numerous tribes of Indians evangelized by Father Rouquette? Vanished as the mist before the sun, as the mark in the water left by the keel of a boat, as the passage in the air cleft by the wing of a bird.

The Indians intermarried with the negro race, and sought new homes at a distance; and now it is well nigh impossible to find a full-blooded Choctaw in the old forest homes of Louisiana.

It is but a repetition of the same old story, heard long ago in the North, East and West. The Indian must disappear from the land he once called his own and give place to the onward march of progress following the wake of the paleface invasion. It all enters into the domain of the Divine Omniscience.

As Father, or rather as Canon Sheehan says in his "Parerga": "The social body is moved ahead along the wheels of suffering—every great forward movement in human history has been preluded by conquest. The path of progress is the path of pain. Bleached bones and broken hearts, mark every inch of its way.

How each tiniest item of creation works outward and upward, subserving some higher species. It is the altruism of nature, the desgn of making all things cooperate in one single plan, each working for some higher existence than its own and subserving some higher and hidden purpose beyond its ken."

It is a beautiful picture to contemplate, this giving of Christ's message to the last members of a race about to disappear, to vanish, from their cherished hunting-

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grounds, but as they go to bear upon their brow the shining Cross of regeneration. And to whom was the glorious work confided? To Adrien Rouquette, another son of the same soil, who had heard the Master's invitation "Follow Me," and had responded with all the generosity of his burning zeal: "Master, lead on, and I will follow Thee, to the last gasp, in faith and loyalty!"

And he never swerved from the path traced for his priestly mission all during those years from 1859 to 1886. Even then he strove to revive by spiritual means the vigor of departed youth—and his people grew to think he was of some superior mould not subject to old age, decay and dissolution. But he had borne the burden and the heat of the day and he felt the chill of life's twilight numb the energies that had cleft asunder apparently adamantine difficulties. The fire of his ardent nature had moulded great designs, but now its heat was cooled into a quiet and tranquil peace, which left only one boon to desire—unending union with the great, the absorbing love of his consecrated heart—a love that could only be satisfied when his happy soul could seek its center—could see its God face to face and know that henceforth there should be no parting.

Adrien felt that his work was drawing to a close, that the shadows of eventide would soon give place to night and then Oh! glory of the elect! then would be born the dawn of that perfect endless day we call Heaven.

But he did not wait the summons in idleness, knowing that his task was done. No, he wished the Master of

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the harvest to call while the garnered sheaf was still within his hands.

At last the time arrived. In 1886, Adrien became very ill, and kind friends were obliged to insist that he permit them to take him to New Orleans, so that the good Sisters of Charity at the Hotel Dieu might do all that human skill can devise to keep on earth a soul homesick for Heaven. They strove by every means within their reach to stay the progress of the malady and succeeded for some time in checking its ravages, but with the opening of 1887 all hope was withdrawn. The celestial citizens were claiming their companion and the poor Indians were to be deprived of their Father, Chahta-Ima. Never more was he to visit their humble huts, making them sanctuaries of Divine consolation as he ministered to the sick, the dying, the mourner, or the new-born child. Never again was his revered form to appear at the altar, the intermediary between them and their God. Never again was his dear hand to be raised in benediction over his children of the forest.

His hour had come and science, art, love and prayer, all alike, were ineffectual. The Lord will have His way, and on July 15, 1887, fortified by all the helps of Holy Mother Church, Adrien Rouquette's soul took its flight for the Father's Home to reap the reward of his long and holy life and labors.

All during his long illness the Indians had eagerly gleaned every item of information concerning their Black Robe's conditions and now the sad intelligence is given

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them that all is over. Their stoicism vanishes before their child-like sorrow, and overcoming their natural timidity and reluctance to mingle with the whites, they forget all else except that Chahta-Ima is dead, and that they must pay him the last tribute of their love and gratitude. They leave the forest solitudes and walk many a weary mile to mourn beside the bier of their Father. It was all just as he himself would have arranged it, and as his simple, humble children of the forest laid their wreaths of woodland vine and flowers upon his grave, his spirit in Heaven must have looked down in tenderness and pity and sent earthward one more benediction upon the people whom he had loved so well.

Poet of purity! Singer of God!
Thy deeds are not hidden beneath the green sod.
In the annals of earth they will ever more shine,
And a place in the glory of heaven is thine.

S. B. E.

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POEMS.

It is not without a profound reason that one speaks of "the Republic of Letters," and it is with equal wisdom that Plato wished to banish from his Republic all impious poets, because a Republic and true Liberty live by Religion and virtue. Poets should be sacred singers, patriotic hymnists.

Considering poetry from this high point of view, which gives us a correct idea of its social mission, I have used all the talent which God gave me to glorify His name and to serve my country, to make vice hateful and virtue lovable.

There is no glory where virtue is absent.

A. R.

We insert a few of Abbé Rouquette's poems in English and French. The two English ones are not translations.

POEMS WRITTEN IN ENGLISH BY ABBE ROUQUETTE.

NATURE, MY MOTHER.

O Nature, powerful, smiling, calm,
  To my unquiet heart,
Thy peace distilling as a balm,
  Thy mighty life impart.

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O Nature, Mother, still the same,
  So lovely, mild with me,
To live in peace unsung by fame,
  Unchanged I come to thee;

I come to live, as saints have lived,
  I fly where they have fled,
By men unholy never grieved,
  In prayer my tears to shed.

Alone with thee, from cities far,
  Dissolved each earthly tie;
By some divine magnetic star
  Attracted still on high.

Oh, that my heart inhaling love
  And life with ecstacy,
From this low world to worlds above
  Might rise exultingly!

THE WILD LILY AND THE PASSION FLOWER.

Sweet flower of light,
  The queen of solitude,
The image bright
  Of grace-born maidenhood.

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Thou risest tall
  Midst struggling weeds that droop.
Thy lieges all,
  Most humbly bow and stoop!

Hail, Passion Flower!
  So solemn, awful, sad!
I feel thy power,
  O King, in purple clad!

To heart of mine
  Thou art the emblem dear,
Of woes divine,—
  The Flower I most revere!

The lily white,
  The purple passion flower,
Symbol Mount Thabor bright,
  The gloomy Olive bower!

Such is our life,
  Alternate joys and woes;
Short peace, long strife,
  Few friends and many foes.

My heart, away
  With wailings here below;
The Royal way
  To realms above—is woe!

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PATRIOTIC POEM.

L'Amerique, oh! l'Amerique,
  C'est le pays du printemps;
C'est le sejour poétique
De tous les enchantements!

C'est l'Eden de la jeunesse!—
  Sur le deuil du souvenir,
Il faut que tout y renaisse!—
  C'est l'Eden de l'Avenir

La Republique sera benie
  Malgré la haine des potentats;
Et par l'Union et l'harmonie
  Grandiront les trente—trois Etats.

Amerique, O ma patrie,
  Dans ce grand siècle agité,
N'est tu pas l'Arche chérie
  Ouverté a l'humanité?

N'offres-tu pas tes savanes
  Tes forêts et tes vallons,
Aux nombreuses caravanes
  De toutes les nations?

N'as tu pas des champs fertiles,
  Entre tes deux oceans,
Pour servir toujours d'asiles
  A cent peuples d'emigrants?

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Au progrès, a la science,
  Ouvre tes bras maternels;
A l'âme, à la conscience,
  Rends tous ses droits éternels!

Sous ta celeste bannière,
  Abrite la Liberté,
Et sois l'Arche hospitalière
  De toute l'humanité!

TRIBUTE TO ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

Oui, je comprends, Brownson, ta haute intelligence
Répandant sur nous tous sa feconde effulgence,
Je comprends ta Revue, immense mine d'or
Riche Californie, indigène tresor,
Arsenal litteraire, ou nous trouvons des armes
Pour vaincre et terrasser l'erreur pleine d'alarmes.

TO FATHER HECKER.

Je te comprends, Hecker, avec tes compagnons
De la cause Eternelle eloquents champions,
Apotres du Pays, héroíques Paulistes,
De notre Republique ardents Evangelistes,
Vous que le ciel destine a porter de grande coups,
Je vous aime et salue, et je suis avec vous.

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This poem might have been written to-day. It is the report of the Demon who watches over cities to his infernal Chief—Satan—written fifty years ago.

LE DEMON DE LA CITÉ.

En voulant rendre a tous la piété facile,
J'ai tenue ce discours a la foule imbecile:—
Il faut interpréter l'esprit de l'Evangile
Selon les temps, les lieux, la nature fragile.
L'homme doit craindre en tout l'exagération;
Il doit craindre l'excès de la perfection,
L'excès dans la pudeur et dans la temperance;
Le moindre poids de trop fait pencher la balance!
Le point d'arrêt pour lui, c'est le juste-milieu,
En sagesse il ne faut le trop, ni le trop peu
Croyez moi, le chemin, pour arriver aux cieux,
Le chemin le plus sur, c'est le plus spacieux!
Et vous, vierges, suivez en tout les autres femmes;
Pour plaire et reussir, soyez des grandes dames;
Oubliez à jamais les lecons du Couvent,
Et reines de la mode, en avant! en avant!
Sans honte, revêtez la nudité mondaine
Laissez la pruderie a la dame puritaine,
Le chemin le plus droit, pour vous, en verité,
C'est le chemin suivi par la majorité.
Si le peuple est le maître, abrogeant toutes lois,
Nul n'etant asservi, vous serez tous des rois.
Le sexe très-devot, les vierges et matrones,

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Pour varier le cour des plaisirs monotones,
Savent comment passer du théâtre au saint-lieu
Et de la table sainte à la table de jeu! . . . .
Oui, du trône à l'autel, de la tombe au berceau
Tout est enveloppé de notre froid réseau!
De la société nous rongeons les entrailles;
Le Christ verra bientôt ses grandes funérailles,
Et le monde, soumis au culte des Demons,
N'aura dans l'avenir que la foi des Mormons!
L'interet, sans amour, forme et dissout les noeuds;
Et le lit nuptial n'est qu'un sépulcre affreux!

LA POESIE EST SAINTE!

La Muse de l'autel peut s'approcher sans crainte;
Le Barde, après le prêtre, est roi dans le saint lieu;
La langue de David, c'est la langue de Dieu!—
La poesie est sainte! et l'Eglise inspirée
N'a jamais récusé cette langue sacrée,
Avec l'encens, les fleurs, et les presents divers,
Le poet fidèle a droit d'offrir ces vers!
Oui, l'Elglise a toujours accueilli d'un sourire
Le fils de l'harmonie incliné sur sa lyre!
Et quand tout s'en allait, croulant de toutes parts,
L'Eglise, au sein des flots, fut l'Arche des Beaux-Arts!
On le sait, aujourd 'hui, c'est elle au Moyen-Age
Qui, riche de tresors, les sauva du naufrage.
Lorsque la nuit pesait sur tout le genre humain,

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Elle seule tenait un flambeau dans sa main.
La poesi est sainte! Autrefois le poète
Etait pontife ou roi, voyant, juge ou prophète.
Le poète anjourd hui' n'est pas moins qu'autrefois,
La harpe de David vibre encor sons ses doigts!
Dites Synesius, Gregoire, Apollinaire
Si vous avez marché sur les traces d'Homère,
Si vous avez orné de fleurs la verité,
Jusqu' au pied de l'autel si vous avez chante,
Et si vos chants, echos des hymnes angéliques,
Ont transporté d'amour les peuples Catholiques,
Oh! dites, ai-je en vain reçu le même don,
Et dois-je pour mes vers implorer le pardon?
Est-ce pour qu'elle reste inutile et muette
Que Dieu mit une lyre dans mon coeur de poete?

LE SOL NATAL.

Le sol natal! chaque homme à tout sol le préfère,
Comme a toute autre femme, il préfère sa mère;
Et de son nom blessé chaque homme est le vengeur,
Comme il avenge sa mère atteinte en son honneur!
Une mère pour nous, ah! c'est plus qu'une femme!
Ton sourire, Amerique, a fasciné mon âme;
Et s'il reste un obstacle entre le ciel et moí
Oui, le dernier obstacle, Amerique, c'est toi!
Ah! malheur a tous ceux qui t'insultent, ma mère!

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Car mon amour, ému de toute sa colère
D'un fils en sa vengeance, imitant les excès,
Irait jusqú à s'armer pour qu'ils soient expulsés!
Oui, l'instinct filial, oui, le patriotisme,
C'est un avengle instinct, un jaloux fanatisme:
C'est aimer et hair avec notre Pays;
C'est aimer ses amis, haír ses ennemis!
Celui qui entendre injurier sa mère,
Et qui ne repond pas, dans sa sainte colère,
Et qui ne tire pas sa glaive menacant,
Et qui ne frappe pas . . . . ce fils n'a pas de sang!

TO THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

L'Eglise d'Amerique, en qui tant d'espoir brille,
De l'Eglise Romaine est la plus jeune fille,
Rayonnante de gloire et pleine d'avenir.
Gloire aux Etats-Unis! Gloire a la Republique!
Rome étend chaque jour sa main pour la benir! . . . .
Gloire a toi, jeune et libre Eglise Catholique,
Pour bâillonner ta presse et restreindre tes droits,
Tu n'as pas un sabreur, un Napoleon—Trois.

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DISCOURS.

A LA CATHEDRALE DE ST. LOUIS, NOUVELLE-ORLEANS, 1846, A LOCASION DE LANIVERSAIRE DU 8 JANVIER.

Messieurs et chers concitoyens, depuis 1814 vous venez, chanque annés, dans cette vieille cathédral, rendre grâces à Dieu pour la victoire du 8 janvier; vous venez célébrer ce jour glorieux, ce jour de triomphe et d'enthousiasme national.—Que je suis heureux d'avoir été choisi, cette année, par Monseigneur, pour vous adresser quelques mots, en partageant votre enthousiasme. En ce jour si solennel, mon émotion est grande, elle est intime et profonde, j'ai de la peine à la contenir; mais ce n'est pas une émotion de crainte et d'hésitation, c'est l'émotion d'un cœur Louisianais, d'un cœur patriote. C'est donc de mon cœur seul, c'est du fond de mon cœur ému, comme les vôtres, que je tirerai toutes mes paroles, et c'est à vos cœurs amis que je les adresserai.

Mais aujourd'hui, pourquoi êtes-vous réunis en si grand nombre dans cette enceinte, et pourquois suis-je monté dans cette chaire? Qu'attendez-vous de moi? Est-ce un discours commémoratif de la victoire de 8 janvier? ou bien, est-ce plutôt une oraison funèbre?

S j'étais en présence d'un auditoire d'étrangers, à la vue de tant d'hommes réunis qui feraient silence pour m'écouter et pour me juger, et qui se poseraient devant moi dans une attitude ouvertement hostile, peut-être serais-je accessible à un premier mouvement de crainte, peut-être

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hésiterais-je un moment!... Mais ici qu'ai-je à craindre? Je parle à des Louisianais; je m'adresse à frères, à mes amis d'Amérique.—Le dirai-je, Messieurs, je me sens rassuré, comme si j'étais en famille, et entouré de frères et d'amis dévoués; c'est que je connais votre bienveillance, vous m'avez déja donné des témoignages si éclatants de votre vive sympathie! et je le sens, c'est aujourd'hui surtout que ma voix amie et fraternelle trouvera un écho sympathique, et dans les jeunes cœurs enthousiastes qui me comprendront, et dans les cœurs plus calmes des sages vieillards qui me jugeront.

Je n'ai qu'une crainte, Messieurs, c'est de ne pouvoir traduire, par mes faibles paroles, toutes les pensées et tous les sentiments que ce jour m'inspire; toutes les émotions surtout que votre présence réveille au fond de mon âme; mais vos cœurs suppléeront facilment à ce qui manquera à mes paroles; vous devinerez ce que je ne pourrai exprimer.

Aujourd'hui, vous le comprenez, je n'aurai ni le temps, ni la force surtout de rien développer, de rien démontrer: je ne ferai que quelques réflexions rapides; je ne pourrai qu'indiquer quelques grandes et fécondes vérités, que je soumettrait à vos méditations profondes.

Et d'abord, Messieurs, il y a plus de quatre siècles, il vint à un homme l'idée d'un Nouveau Monde. Christophe Colomb (ce nom a quelque chose qui rappelle *la Colombe* envoyée de 'lAche-Sainte pour découvrir la terre après le déluge), Christophe Colomb eut donc une grande inspiration; il fit voile vers l'Occident; il s'aventura dans des mers inconnues; et un jour, après une longue et périlleuse

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navigation, le soleil, en se levant magnifique, fit surgir du sein des ondes inexplorées le Monde inconnu qu'avait deviné son génie: ce Monde, Messieurs, c'est notre patrie!—Et il y à trente-cinq ans, l'étoile brillante de la Louisiane s'est ajoutée à la radieuse constellation qui décorait déjà la zone d'azur du drapeau américan. L'indépendance de la Louisiane a été proclamée; indépendante, elle a participé aux bienfaits et à la gloire de la République, elle a joui de la liberté que lui assurait sa constitution. Ajourd'hui, voyez la Nouvelle-Orléans, sa fille ainée; comme une reine richement parée, elle est assisé sur le bord de l'*idéal des fleuves navigables*... (L'expression n'est pas de moi, elle est d'un étranger). La Nouvelle-Orléans, c'est le plus vaste entrepôt, c'est le point le plus important, c'est la clef, c'est la reine du Midi et de l'Occident. Elle domine par sa position; elle est riche surtout de ses produits agricoles, la richesse la plus réelle. Par le nombre des navires et des bateaux à vapeur qu'elle charge chaque année, elle étonne les mers, les ports étrangers, le fleuve et toutes ses branches tributaires. Elle est la sœur jumelle, l'égale de New-York. Elle forme avec la cité du Nord les deux poumons des États-Unis. Oui, la Nouvelle-Orléans et New York, voilà les deux poumons puissants qui animent le commerce; les deux poumons par lesquels respirent les États-Unis. C'est de ces deux poumons, c'est de ce double foyer que s'échappent le mouvement, le fluide vital qui circulent toutes les veines de l'Union-Américaine.

La Nouvelle-Orléans, Messieurs, noble cité ouverte à tous les étrangers; la Louisiane, terre hospitalière et géné-

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reuse! "Il est une vertu, nous dit Cicéron, que Théo-"phaste loue entre toutes les vertus, et cette vertu, c'est "l'hospitalité! Rien, en effet, n'est plus beau que de voir "les maisons des indigènes ouvertes aux étrangers; il y va "de la gloire de l'État, il y va même de l'intérêt et du "crédit de ceux qui aspirent á gouverner." Eh bien! j'ose le dire ici, en présence de tant d'étrangers, les enfants de la Louisiane ont toujours été hospitaliers et généreux; et, à cause de leur généreuse hospitalité, Dieu a béni la Louisiane, et la Louisiane a prospéré, elle est florissante. Qui pourrait pressentir toutes les grâces que Dieu lui réserve dans l'avenir? On peut dire seulement que les passé de la Louisiane est un préjugé légitime en faveur de son avenir de bonheur et de gloire.

Les fêtes nationales, Messieurs, sont des fêtes religieuses; rien de ce qui intéresse la patrie n'est étranger à la religion; à toutes les grandes victoires, l'Église fait retentir le chant du *Te Deum*, cette hymne sublime de louange et d'actions de grâces. Dans cette cathédrale même, un vénérable prélat, vous vous le rappelez, *ô* vétérans de la glorieuse journée, monseignneur Dubourg, en présentant au général une couronne de lauriers, le salua du glorieux titre de libérateur et *de second sauveur de la patrie.*—C'estque le Seigneur, Dieu des armées, *Dominus, deus exercituum;* celui qui préside aux évolutions militaires, comme à celles de l'humanité, qui inspire le courage et distribue la victoire, Dieu avait été le premier sauveur de la patrie!

Oui, tout en admirant le génie militaire du général, sans rien diminuer de sa gloire et de notre reconnaissance,

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nous pouvons dire, nous devons dire, que la victoire du 8 janvier fut toute divine, toute providentielle. Dieu avait des vues de miséricorde sur la Louisiane, cette terre catholique; car nous ne devons pas oublier qu'une des premières croix qui fut plantée dans le Nouveau-Monde, le fut sur le bord de ce fleuve, où la victoire devait couronner un jour les défenseurs de la liberté et de la religion. La Louisiane est fille de la France et de l'Espague catholiques; elle combattait pour une cause juste et sainte, Dieu a combattu avec elle, Dieu l'a fait triompher!

"Oui, il y a un homme qui a gagné sur les troupes "disciplinés du duc de Wellington, sur les libérateurs "du Portugal et de l'Espagne, la dernière- bataille de "la guerre de 1814. Cet homme est le général Jackson. "Les milices du Kentucky et de l'Ohio ont appris ce nom "à leurs enfants, et l'Ouest de l'Amérique l'a répété dans "l'enthousiasme de la voictoire." Ainsi s'exprimait, il y a dix-sept ans, une feuille française hostile à la politique de Jackson, comme président.

Mais quelle nouvelle, au mois de juin, est venue plonger les États-Unis dans un deuil national? Pourquoi tous ces monuments funèbres élevés sur les places publiques? Pourquoi ces insignes lugubres, cette marche lente des militaires, et ces roulements sourds de tambours voilés qui précédent le convoi innombrable? Pourquoi ce deuil universal? Jackson a cessé de vivre; nos annales comptent un mort illustre de plus.—Je me trompe: Jackson est immortel; le génie ne meurt pas; la gloire d'un héros est plus éclatante après la sépulture; son esprit survit parmi nous, et nous

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anime; sa grande âme plane et veille au-dessus de nous; son courage est héréditaire.

Jackson a aimé sa patrie, il a combattu pour elle; il a fait tout ce que son amour lui a inspiré pour la rendre heureuse et florissante. Il était homme, il a pu se tromper; mais il a voulu le bien, nous le croyons; il a tout fait, selon ses convictions, pour le bonheour et la gloire des États-Unis.

Le génie militaire de Jackson, son courage, sa persévérance et son énergie, sa conception rapide et l'exécution presque aussi rapide de ce qu'il avait concu, tout cela est incontesté, tou cela a été reconnu et admiré par les Américains, comme par les étrangers, en deça comme au delà de l'Océan. La renommée du guerrier est donc universelle. N'ayant à parler que du 8 janvier, je devrais peut-être ne considérer dans Jackson que le soldat heureux, le guerrier intrépide.

Cependant il est un fait de sa vie civille sur lequel j'appelllerait toute votre attention, parce qu'il renferme un profond enseignement, vous le savez, dans des circonstances critiques, croyant que c'était le seul moyen de sauver la patrie, Jackson proclama la *loi mortiale.*

(Messieurs, je ne prétends pas juger du droit de Jackson, de la légalité de l'acte; je cite seulement ce fait afin de rapporter un autre fait, qui en est une conséquence, et qui est une gloire pour le général. Je n'ai aucune opinion politique; je ne veux en exprimer aucune, surtout du haut de cette chaire sacrée. Si donc quelques unes de mes expressions pouvaient être interprétées dans le sens d'un parti politique quelconque, ce sens, je le désavoune!)

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Jackson trouva donc que les législateurs se livraient à des discussions oiseuses et trop lentes. Dès lors, il s'éleva un conflit entre le pouvoir civil et le pouvoir militaire. Dans cette lutte, un juge se distingua surtout par son opposition courageuse. Le général, croyant son temps trop précieux pour le perdre à disputer sur des matières civiles, fit arrêter le magistrat et l'éloigna de la ville. Il pensait qu'on ne devait pas s'amuser à raisonner avec des paroles, quand la patrie était menacée, mais qu'on devait décider les choses avec le canon, la dernière raison des peuples, *ratio ultima populorum.*

La victoire ou la mort! tel avait été son cri de ralliement. A ce cri du général, l'armée fut électrisée. Bientôt, la victoire ayant couronné ses armes, pendant que les vaisseaux anglais fuyaient loin des côtes de la Louisiane, le 23 janvier, le général vainqueur fit son entrée triomphale à la Nouvelle-Orléans aux acclamations unanimes de toute la population reconnaissante, accourue au-devant de lui. Le magistrat courageux, de retour de son exil, se portant juge et partie dans sa propre cause, condanmna Jackson à une amende de mille piastres. "Général, lui dit-il, je vous regarde comme le sauveur de la patrie; mais, pour avoir désobéi à la magistrature, je vous condamne à une amende de mille piastres." Jackson n'invoqua pour sa justification, ni sa victoire, ni cette ancienne maxime des Romains: *inter arma silent leges,* en temps de guerre, les lois sont muettes. Il se soumit à l'autorité civile; il acquitta à l'instant cette somne, en disant ces mémorables paroles: "Juge, cette même épée qui a servi à défendre la patrie vous défendrait, s'il le fal-

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lait"; et, à sa sortie du tribunal, il fut porté en triomphe jusqu'à sa demeure.

Sublime exemple, au milieu du succès militaire le plus éclatant, de la soumission la plus humble aux lois et à l'autorité civile. Admirez Jackson sur le champ de bataille; admirez le soldat courageux, le guerrier couronné par la victoire; moi, j'admire le simple citoyen qui se laisse juger et condamner, et qui donne l'exemple de l'obéissance à l'autorité légitime qu'il avait cru pouvoir violer dans une circonstance tout exceptionnelle où il fallait sauver la patrie.

Sans doute, il aurait pu dire au juge: *inter arma silent leges,* quand le canon gronde, les lois sont muettes... Il s'est tu!

C'est que Jackson aimait son pays; il savait que ce qui rend un État florissant, c'est le respect pour les lois et l'autorité, c'est la sainteté du serment, c'est la justice, c'est la vertu, c'est la religion.

Oui, Messieurs, il savait que tous les devoirs peuvent se concilier, parce que tous les devoirs, comme toutes les vérités, sont solidaires; oui tous les devoirs et toutes les vérités dans l'ordre religieux, civile et politique.

Tous les pouvoirs légitimes aussi, parce que tous viennent de Dieu, peuvent se concilier, se maintenir dans l'équilibre et l'harmonie; mais si l'harmonie est détruite, s'il y a conflit entre les divers pouvoirs, alors il n'y a pas à hésiter; il vaut mieux obéir à Dieu qu'aux hommes.

Rendez à Dieu ce qui est à Dieu, et à César ce qui est à César. Et moi aussi, j'obéirai à l'autorité civile et politique;

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mais j'obéirai à l'autorité divine, au pouvoir religieux; j'exposerias ma vie, s'il le fallait, pour sauver mon pays, mais je serais martyr aussi pour la religion de mon Dieu, qui est mort sur le Calvaire; je mourrais avec joie pour ma patrie terrestre et passagère, mais je mourrais avec encore plus de joie pour ma patrie céleste et éternelle. Je puis être bon citoyen, ardent patriote, sage et enthousiaste républicain, sans cesser d'être bon catholique, prêtre dévoué à mon évêque, et décidé, s'il le fallait, à quitter le sol amé ricain pour aller porter la lumière évangélique dans les contrées les plus lointaines, comme d'autres ont quitté leur patrie pour venir évangéliser l'Amérique.

Mais j'ai prononcé le mot de patrie.—Messieurs, qu'est-ce que la patrie, l'amour de la patrie, le vrai patriotisme? Qu'est-ce que la patrie? Vous parlerai-je des fleuves, des plaines et des forêts, du sol, en un mot? Mais tout cela ce n'est pas la patrie de l'homme, c'est la patrie du bœuf, du bison et de l'oiseau. A l'homme, être intelligent et moral, créé à l'image de Dieu, oui, à l'homme il faut une bien autre patrie. Avec ces fleuves, ces plaines et ces forêts, avant et par-dessus toutes choses, il lui faut des joies, des périls et des intéréts communs, des mœurs, des lois, des traditions, des vertus, des églises; il lui faut un Dieu profondément craint, profondément aimé.

La patrie, nous dit un grand publiciste contemporain, n'est pas où l'homme trouve en abondance l'aliment qui le nourrit et les arts qui le captivent; *car il ne vit pas seulement de pain et de spectacles.* Elle n'est pas même dans le pays où il a reçu le jour et l'éducation, où sont ses amis,

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ses parents les plus chers, où reposent les cendres de ses pères, où il fit l'apprentissage et l'essai des vertus et de la gloire. La patrie, en tant qu'elle est sacrée et qu'elle doit être chérie et défendue, est dans le pays où le beau le bien, le bon sont en bonheur, où la vérité est connue et la vertu tolérée.

Et, en effet, Messieurs, où serait la patrie s'il n'y avait pas des lois ou si les lois n'étaient pas exécutées? Non, il ne faut pas prendre le sol pour la patrie. L'idée de patrie est une idée complexe; l'amour de la patrie se compose, pour les sociétés civilisées, de la religion, des lois, des mœurs, des souvenirs et des espérances, du passé et de l'avenir. On peut distinguer trois patries, celle du cœur, celle du devoir et celle de l'intérêt. Je regretterai toujours la première, la patrie du cœur, parce que je suis homme et que rien de l'homme ne m'est étranger; j'abandonnerai au plus grand nombre, à la foule cupide et matérialiste, la patrie de l'intérêt, et je m'attacherai inviolablement à la patrie du devoir et du sacrifice. Oui, le vrai patriotisme est un sentiment à la fois naturel, politique et religieux, et voilà ce qui explique la supériorité des chrétiens dans leur amour pour la patrie; voilà ce qui explique l'héroïsme de leurs vertus et de leurs sacrifices, la constance de leur abnégation.

"Les Américains, dit Tocqueville, confondent, si complé-
"tement dans leur esprit le christianisme et la liberté (et
"moi j'ajouterai le patriotisme), qu'il est presque impos-
"posible de leur faire concevoir l'un sans l'autre; et ce n'est
"point chez eux l'une de ces croyances que le passé lègue

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"au présent, et qui semble moins vivre que végéter au fond "de l'âme."

Quels sont donc nos devoirs envers la patrie? Nous lui devons nos biens, nos talents, notre vie. Nous lui devons nos biens, c'est le plus petit sacrifice. Le bien, l'intérêt particulier doit céder au bien général. Qui sert le public sert chaque individu.

Nous lui devons nos talents et notre vie.

"Parmi le peuple de Dieu, nous dit Bossuet, dans les "besoins de l'État, tout le monde était obligé d'aller à la "guerre, et. voilà pourquoi les armées étaient si nom-"breuses." Nous lisons, dans l'Écriture Sainte, que les soldats commandés par Machabée étaient prêts à mourir pour leurs lois et leur patrie, *pro legibus et patria mori parati.* C'est qu'il est doux, il est beau de mourir pour sa patrie, même aux yeux d'un païen:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. (Hor.)

Vous rappellerai-je une loi de la Gréce sur l'amour de la patrie?

Les jeunes Athéniens parvenus à vingt ans se consocraient à la patrie en prêtant le serment qui suit: "Je com-"battrai, jusqu'a mon dernier soupir, pour les intérêts de "la religion et de l'État; je combattrai avec les autres "citoyens, seul, s'il faut. Je ne contribuerai jamais à rendre "ma patrie malheureuse, mais je contribuerai de tout mon "pouvoir à la rendre florissante. Je serai soumis aux "magistrats et aux lois." Admirable serment, que le plus sublime amour de la patrie pouvait seul inspirer!

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Les Juifs, captifs à Babylone, n'ont d'autre joie et d'autre consolation que celle que leur donne le souvenir de Jérusalem. "*Nous nous sommes assis sur le bord des fleuves "de Babylone, disent-ils, et là nous avons pleuré en nous "souvenant de Sion. Nous avons suspendu nos harpes aux "saules qui croissent dans la terre d'exil, et nous sommes "restés muets.... Comment aurions-nous chanté un "cantique de joie dans une terre d'exil?*"

Thémistocle, banni en Perse ,possédant un immense territoire, comblé de bienfaits par le roi étranger, oublie tout ce qui l'entoure dans Magnésie, et demande à ses amis de porter ses os dans l'Attique.

Aussi, vous vous le rappelez, Messieurs, Virgile, le cygne harmonieux de Mantoue, voulant peindre le tendre et impérissable amour d'un citoyen vertueux pour sa patrie, Virgile nous montre un jeune Grec mourant sur une terre étrangère, et, au moment qu'il expire, occupé du seul souvenir de sa chère Argos:

Ea dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Thèbes, s'écriait Pindare, *ô ma mère!*

Mais, après ces exemples touchants de l'antiquité sacrée et poétique, permittez-moi, Messieurs, de vous citer l'exemple non moins touchant d'un jeune Sauvage exilé à Paris. Il se nommait Potavéri: ce nom est devenu synonyme d'amour de la patrie. Cet enfant exilé était triste, malade et languissant; il ne pouvait se consoler d'être si loin de la forêt natale. Pour le distraire, l'amitié ingénieuse et délicate, après l'avoir promené dans le Musée et les galeries du

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Louvre, imagina de le conduire au Jardin des Plantes; mais le jeune Sauvage passe avec indifférence au milieu des plantes et des animaux, au milieu de toutes les curiosités merveilleuses que l'art y a réunies; il est toujours triste malade, languissant. Mais tout-à-coup il quitte le bras de son ami, il se précipite vers un arbre exotique, il se jette à genoux, et en l'embrassant, il s'écrie: *O arbre de mon pays! arbre de mon pays!* et il retrouve la vie au pied de cet arbre exilé comme lui.

Combien de jeunes Créoles, combien de Louisianais, exilés à Paris, loin du fleuve natal et des arbres de la patrie, loin de leurs familles et de leurs amis, ont dû pousser le mêm cri de joie à la vue de quelque objet qui est venu leur rappeler la Louisiane, la terre sacrée de la patrie... Oh! oui, quelle que soit la terre qui nous a vus naitre, qu'elle soit composée de plaines ou de montagnes, de rochers arides ou de fertiles savanes, qu'elle soit accidentée ou monotone, riante ou sauvage, cette terre, elle est sacrée pour nous; cette terre, nous l'aimons, nous ne pouvons l'oublier; elle a été la terre de notre berceau, nous voulons y mourir, y reposer en paix.

Louisiane, *ô* ma patrie! *ô* ma mère! quel que soit le lieu où m'exile le devoir où le malheur me pousse, si je t'oublie jamais, que je m'oublie moi-même!

Je vous ai parlé de la patrie, de l'amour de la patrie, du véritable patriotisme. Maintenant, qu'est-ce que la liberté? *Ubi autem spiritus Dei, ibi libertas,* nous dit saint Paul. Là où est l'esprit de Dieu, là aussi est la liberté; c'est-a-dire là où est l'esprit d'ordre, de vérité et de vertu, là aussi

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est la liberté. Obéir à Dieu, c'est être vraiment libre. *Deo parere libertas est.* Ce sont les paroles de Sénèque. La raison de l'homme est émanée de la raison divine et souveraine, et c'est en la soumettant volontairement à cette raison que l'homme, créature raisonable, est vraiment libre. La liberté consiste donc à être soumis aux lois éternelles de l'ordre. Quoi! la liberté pourrait consister à n'avoir d'autres lois que ses désirs et ses passions, à faire tout ce que l'on veut! Oh! non, messieurs, celui qui fait le mal est esclave; il n'y a que l'homme de bien, l'homme verteux, qui soit libre!

La liberté, c'est la faculté de choisir; mais cette faculté, remarquez-le bien, implique l'obligation de choisir le bien. L'homme est libre, parce qu'il a des devoirs, et l'exercice de sa liberté, c'est l'accomplissement de ses devoirs.

Non, la liberté ne consiste pas à être affranchi de tous les devoirs, à être indépendant de tout supérieur. La liberté la plus grande, la plus pure, à laquelle l'homme puisse aspirer raisonnablement, c'est de vivre sous un gouvernement. juste. Il n'y a de vraie liberté que la où règne la justice, la justice que Cicéron appelle la reine et la maîtresse de toutes les vertus: *hace enim una virtus omnium est domina et regina virtutum.*

Mais avec l'amour de la patrie, avec la liberté et la justice, il faut le courage. Qu'est-ce que le courage, Messieurs? Le courage, sur le champ de bataille, n'est souvent que l'effet momentané d'une ardeur belliquese, d'une surexcitation causée par le bruit des armes, le mouvement de

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l'armée et même l'odeur de la poudre. Mais il est un courage plus calme, plus constant, plus difficile, et par cela même plus rare, c'est le courage civil, le courage politique, le courage moral qui résiste aux menaces, aux promesses, à toutes les séductions. Le courage dans les chambres, dans la magistrature, dans toutes les positions sociales où il y a de grands devoirs à remplir, de grands sacrifices à s'imposer, et où l'on rencontre des périls sans nombre qu'il faut affronter. Je ne vous parle pas du courage religieux; celui-là est invincible; il brave les tyrans et les bourreaux, la hache et le feu; il triomphe de toutes les tortures et se réjouit sous la palme du martyre.

Amour de la patrie, liberté, justice et courage, voilà, Messieurs, les vertus républicaines les plus vitales. Les peuples, comme les individus, ne vivent pas seulement de pain et de spectacles; le bien-être matériel n'est pas le seul bien-être qu'ils recherchent. Les peuples, comme les individus, vivent de vérité et de vertu. Il faut que Dieu préside à leurs hautes destinées, il faut qu'il les éclaire et les guide dans leur marche vers un avenir de bonheur et de gloire.

Je le sais, Messieurs, il y a eu de l'écho aujourd hui, sous cette voûte sacrée, toutes les fois que j'ai prononcé les mots de patrie et de liberté...Mais, plaise à Dieu qu'il ait eu aussi un écho intime et universel toutes les fois que j'ai prononcé le mot de religion! C'est que la religion, c'est la base des mœurs et des lois, c'est la sauve-garde de la justice et de la liberté, c'est le palladium des républiques commes des monarchies.

Vous avez sans doute compris et admiré les trois

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couleurs symboliques du drapeau américain. Le fond d'azur, semé d'étoiles, nous rappelle le ciel, la patrie de notre âme immortelle; le rouge, couleur éclatante du martyre, marque que nous devons être toujours prêts à verser notre sang pour notre patrie, à mourir glorieusement pour la république; et le blanc, la couleur virginale, nous commande la bonne foi et l'incorruptibilité dans toutes nos relations commerciales, civiles et politiques; dans toutes nos relations d'amitié et d'intérêt.

O mes chers concitoyens, oserai-je le prédire, le proclamer avec une conviction profonde du haut de cette chaire: un jour viendra où l'or et les plaisirs cesseront d'être le mobile le plus puissant de notre societé; la religion se propagera, elle régnera parmi nous; l'esprit de Dieu pénétrera dans le cœur de cette societé nouvelle, et il y aura encore de nobles dévouements, des vertus héroiques: le génie et la vertu sont impérissables dans l'humanité; comme la mer, ils n'abandonnent un rivage que pour se porter vers un autre rivage; le feu sacré de l'amour de la patrie, de la justice et de la liberté ne s'éteint dans un cœur que pour se rallumer dans un autre. Oui, c'est une loi de l'ordre providentiel, qu'a des mondes viellis succède un nouveau monde...

L'Amérique est jeune, l'Amérique est grande et forte; l'Amerique est appelée à de magnifiques destinées; la civilisation, comme le soleil, marche l'Orient en Occident. Sparte, Athènes, Thébes, Carthage, ne sont plus; mais l'Amérique a surgi du sein de l'Atlantique. Le passé, les souvenirs sont pour l'Orient; l'avenir, les espérances pour

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l'Occident. Oui, c'est ma conviction profonde, une haute et glorieuse mission est réservés au Nouveau-Monde; l'Amérique est héritière de toutes les gloires et de toutes les vertus des anciennes républiques; mais ces gloires et ces vertus, il faut qu'elles soient divinisées par la religion, eh bien, la religion les divinisera.

Mais on parle de l'étendue des États-Unis, et en lisant l'historie des républiques anciennes, on s'en effraie, on tremble pour notre avenir. L'étendue, Messieurs, l'etendue depuis l'application de la vapeur à le navigation et de l'électricité aux telégraphes? Depuis que la vapeur est venue au secours du corps et l'électricité au secours de la pensée? L'étendue! Mais voyez donc comme la pensée de l'homme parcourt ce fil électrique, aussi rapide que l'éclair qui sillonne et illumine l'espace! Voyez toutes ces populations que les bateaux et les chars animés emportent avec une vitesse presque indicible! Oui, une chaîne électrique traverse les États-Unis; les chemins de fer aboutissent aux fleuves; les bateaux et les chars se rencontrent et se croisent partout l'esprit a vaincu la matière; l'homme est maître de l'espace! Oui, ce que Tertullien a dit des esprits: *omnis spiritus ales,* tout esprit a des ailes, aujourd'huit nous pouvons le dire des corps: le vapeur a donné des ailes au corps, et l'électricité, des ailes à la pensée!

Oui, l'esprit a vaincu la matière; le génie de l'homme a dompté l'orgueil des vents et des flots; il a aplani les montagnes et comme effacé les distances. Mais ce triomphe de l'esprit sur la matière, ces progrès de la science et de l'industrie modernes, seront-ils toujours exploités au seul

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profit des passions infimes et des besoins matériels de l'homme? Oh! Messieurs, je proteste, au nom de l'âme et de l'intelligence, au nom du génie, qui est lui aussi une sorte d'inspiration divine; je proteste, au nom de la philosophie et de la religion, oui, je proteste contre cet abus de la science et de l'industrie modernes! La science est bonne, l'industrie est un moyen de prospérité; mais il faut pour cela qu'elles servent au développement des nobles facultés que nous avons reçues de Dieu.

Messieurs, il n'y a de bonheur pour les peuples, comme pour les individus; il n'y a de force, de grandeur, de gloire véritables que dans la vertu: la vertu est l'âme de la societé; et, croyez-le, il n'y a de vertu solide, constante, incorruptible, immortelle, que dans la religion: la religion est l'âme de la vertu!

Religion, amour de la patrie, justice, liberté et courage, voila donc les mots que je voudrais voir scintiller, en letters radieuses, sur le drapeau de la république de Washington.

"O république de Washington! s'est écrié Lacordaire, "cet éloquent apôtre de la jeunesse française, que n'a "tourné ses yeux vers toi dans ces moments où la patrie "fatigue! Qui ne s'est assis, dans la pensée, à l'ombre des "forêts et des lois de l'Amérique!..."

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ADDENDA.

POEM OF ABBÉ ROUQUETTE.

S. B. E.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

Adrien, Son! Can the sad words be true,
You are scorning the language your infancy knew?
Does the cold Saxon speech appeal to your heart,
Where only the music of France once had part?
Do you forget how my love was expressed
In the songs which I sang as you lay on my breast?
Has French lost to you all its melody rare?
  Do you no more for its harmony care?
And the voice of your Muse! It gave you, my son,
  All the honor and glory your verses have won.
Then scorn not the language you lisped in your youth;
It taught you the lessons of virtue and truth.
Heed a mother's fond prayer, be it answered by you,
To God, to your country, to me, this is due!

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The following partial Addenda of Choctaw words, written by Abbé Rouquette's own hand, show a beautiful devotion to a mother's wishes and a touching promptness in obeying them. She had pleaded with her poet-son (see poem) never to prefer the Saxon tongue to his own native French.

Notice how the translation of the Choctaw vocabulary opens with *five* words in English, then suddenly that language ceases, and is not used again in the entire work of many hundred words!

EXTRACT FROM VOCABULARY.

Toli.....stone
I hullo, hih ahni.....love (verb)
Nan i hullo, heh ahni.....love (noun)
Uba anumpa iksa.....To play tricks
Iti wisakchi .....tree top

Shutik.....ciel
Nishkobo.....tête
Ikoula.....gosier
Noti.....dent
Sinti.....serpént
Shiluk.....fosse
Hopi.....sel
Chukush.....coeur
Ofi.....chien
Kattus.....chat

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Luak	few
I holisso	epitre
Apostel	apôtre
Oka	eau
Umbra	pluie
Hushi	soleil
Yakni	terre
Itih	couche
Lusa	noir
Huma	rouge
Lakna	jaune
Kapossa	froid
Oktak	prairie
Tumaha	ville
Isuba	cheval
Shukha	cochon
Nita	ours
Nashoba	loup
Chula	renard
Hushi	oiseau
Noni	poisson
Itibi	baton
Peni	vaisseau
Iyi	pied
Shakba	bras
Nipi	viandre
Hakshup	peau
Hatak	homme

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